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THE EVENING NEWS.

M. LEVIN
NEW and SECOND HAND
FURNITURE

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 4

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1907

NUMBER 9

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EASTER SUNDAY IN ADA AND AT OUR CHURCHES

It was a cold Easter Sunday this year, coming as it did at an unusually early date. Easter hats and bonnets, frocks and gowns, not to be outdone by the chilly weather, were in evidence in profusion, and many beautiful creations were noticed.

Appropriate services were held at the Ada churches. At the First Methodist church the Ada Commandery, Knights Templar, attended the services in a body and in uniform. An Easter sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. T. L. Rippey.

At the Cumberland Presbyterian church the Easter service was held at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and was constituted of a program of song, recitation, etc., by the members of Magnolia Young People's Society. Appropriate talks were made by the three pastors of the city.

At the first Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. C. E. Robertson, delivered a special Easter sermon in the morning. There were several special pieces of music by the choir.

The services at the Christian church last night were under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Missions, Easter being the day set aside by the international society as rally day for all local societies. A paper on the history of the local society was read by Mrs. J. A. Biles, and Rev. Kirtley made a very appropriate talk for the occasion. A

number of new members were taken into the society.

At the Baptist church, where revival meetings are in progress, held by the pastor, Rev. T. B. Harrell, and his singer, no especial Easter services were held. However, the church was tastefully decorated and increased interest was manifested in the meetings, many people being turned away from both morning and evening services on account of the large number in attendance.

Report Few Left.

M. L. Walsh, U. G. Winn, L. M. King, Ben Mason, Joe Lawrence and their negro cook returned Sunday night from a week's fishing trip over in the Choctaw nation, about 150 miles east of here. They report a fine catch of bass, and say that there are few fish left there now, but let's hope that it's not quite that bad.

Furman's Itinerary.

The following is Judge Henry M. Furman's speaking itinerary for this week in Oklahoma, which he will follow in furtherance of his candidacy for the U. S. senate:

Monday, Grand; Tuesday, Cheyenne; Wednesday, Sayre; Thursday, Weatherford; Friday, Clinton; Saturday, Cordell.

NEGRO FIEND SWUNG INTO ETERNITY BY MOB

Durant, I. T., April 1.—Just as a crowded excursion train from Denison to South McAlester reached the depot at Sterrett it ran into a desperate struggle between United States officers and a great mob of infuriated people for possession of a negro accused of criminal assault upon Miss Maud Misner, near Red river bridge last Saturday. Into the melee the passengers were thrust, and many were in time to see the officers overpowered after the depot doors had been battered down and the negro dragged with a rope about his neck to an old derrick 300 yards away and lynched.

The officers had been waiting at the depot with the prisoner, intending to take the excursion train to Durant.

The negro was captured Sunday afternoon near Colbert by a posse of citizens and turned over to the United States officers, who had been notified at Denison of the crime and had come to Colbert to assist in the search.

Some of the Colbert people were in favor of hanging the negro there, but were prevailed upon to let the law take its course.

The officers started to drive overland to Durant and had been assured by the city marshal of Sterrett, or Cale, as it is also called, they say, that there would be no trouble if they drove through that town.

They had no conversation with the negro other than to secure his name.

At Cale the officers concluded it would be safer to wait for the excursion train bringing a baseball crowd from Denison, conveying the negro to Durant by rail.

At the depot, however, a mob of several hundred persons met them, and the officers retreated into the depot, where they repulsed the crowd.

The train pulled into the depot and the officers attempted to fight their way through the crowd with the negro, but outside were again attacked and were compelled to retreat into the depot again.

The crowd attacked the door and battering it in overpowered the officers, took their weapons away from them and took possession of the negro. No shots were fired during the melee.

A rope was tied about the negro's neck and he was dragged off to an old oil well derrick, 300 yards from the depot, the officers protesting.

The negro was severely beaten on the way and several attempts were made to stab him. He was placed on a platform, the rope was thrown over a beam and he was strung quickly up without having been given a chance to make a statement.

As the writhing body swung in the air possibly seventy-five shots were fired, but only one bullet struck the body. As the body was strung up someone slashed the negro's throat.

When the crowd had to an extent dispersed the body was cut down, but not until the members of the mob had almost stripped it nude in search of souvenirs.

Sterrett, I. T., April 1.—Jim Williams, a negro, stranger to even the negro community at Colbert, accused of having criminally assaulted Miss Maud Misner at her home north of Red river bridge on Saturday and fully identified by the young lady, was hanged by a mob of possibly 500 people here Sunday afternoon about 7:30 o'clock.

Poses from all over the country had been scouring the woods for the negro since the crime, and about 3:30 o'clock he was found by one of the posses in the tangled brush within a mile of Colbert.

A Colbert negro was with him at the time, and was in the act of urging him to go in and surrender to the officers. As the crowd approached the accused negro ran and was followed through the brush by the posse, the Colbert negro in the lead. This negro caught the fleeing man, and held him, fighting and struggling until the posse arrived.

The negro was taken, heavily guarded to Colbert and turned over to the officers. The officers placed him in a room with four other negroes, and on the table laid a collection of pistols, including the one taken from the prisoner.

Into this room Miss Misner was conducted, accompanied by her mother. She pointed out the negro under arrest as her assailant and from the collection of weapons selected the one taken from the prisoner as the pistol he had taken from her at the time of the crime. The identification of both negro and pistol was without hesitation.

Remember, voters, in the election tomorrow you will have to mark your ballots the old Arkansas way—mark out the name if any, you do not wish to vote for. This dropping back from the Australian system used in the primary is necessary because the courts have decided the Arkansas election law must control this time.

Commissioner's Court.

Today is the regular monthly meeting of the commissioner's court in Ada. There were nothing but civil cases on the docket, a number of which have been disposed of, settled out of court, continued, etc.

Harry Chapple and family, of Mitchell, Ind., departed yesterday for home after a pleasant month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Rodonald. Mr. Chapple is one of Mitchell's leading merchants. So favorably is he impressed with our town and its prospects that he thinks of returning hither next fall to locate.

TOM DAVIS, A CATTLE- MAN, TAKES HIS OWN LIFE

The people of Ada were profoundly shocked early Sunday morning by the startling news that Tom E. Davis, the well known cowman, had committed suicide.

The horrible fact developed that about 5:30 a. m., as he lay in bed, Mr. Davis reached for his foreman's revolver and resting his head upon his left hand fired the weapon into his right temple, tearing a fearful wound in his head. Death must have been instantaneous.

On the north side of town Mr. Davis has been feeding several hundred steers, and the cowmen occupy the office building of the Blue gin for sleeping quarters. Therein Saturday night he and his foreman, Joe Fry, slept. Fry states he arose early to go look after the cattle, leaving his employer in bed; that when he returned he found Mr. Davis lying dead as above described.

After officers were notified and they had viewed the body, convincing themselves it was a suicidal death, the body was removed to an undertaking establishment to prepare it for shipment to Texas. His brother, Mat, who lives in Denton county, Texas, was promptly notified. The brother arrived in the afternoon and accompanied the remains to Frisco, Texas, for interment.

It is a gruesome coincidence that Mr. Davis died in the same bed where only a few weeks ago the dead body of Johnie Townsend was found on a Sunday morning.

Indeed Saturday night has become a date to be regarded with dread in this community. For several weeks each Saturday night has registered its tragedy in this section, as instance the Townsend semi-tragic death, the Ahlso killing, the assassination of Dr. Davenport, the killing of Will Hayes by a train, and lastly the Davis suicide.

Tom E. Davis was about 38 years old, had for years been a prominent cattle man in this country, and belonged to one of the old leading families of north Texas. He leaves a wife and a little son and daughter who, of late, have been residing at San Antonio, Texas. Also there remain of the family, his mother and three brothers, Frank, Mat and Jean, who live at Rector, Texas. The father, who died over a year ago, was a prominent cattle man of Texas and left an estate estimated at \$500,000.

Friends of Tom Davis are baffled in the effort to assign a motive for the rash deed. There were at first rumors of losses on cattle and financial embarrassment, but those informed about

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FURNITURE AND COFFINS

Mr. Davis' business scout the idea. Besides he was a man of cheerful disposition who laughs at losses. His family relations were most happy and affectionate. In his pocket was found a recent letter from his wife full of tender sentiments.

Probably the statement of John L. Barringer, a leading cattleman of Pontotoc county, is entitled to particular weight. Said he: "It is my opinion that Tom Davis' death was the result of the tremendous strain of physical and mental work which finally unbalanced his mind. I have all the work I can stand up under myself, these days, and I know something of the many tasks Mr. Davis has had to handle." "This country," added Mr. Barringer, "will sadly miss Tom Davis as a big factor in its prosperity. He could be depended upon to buy annually in this section from \$200,000 to \$300,000

worth of cattle in raw condition from those unable to feed them, and then put them in condition for market."

News of the tragic end spread rapidly through the country and by afternoon many cattle men friends of the deceased had gathered on Ada's streets and in tender tones talked of their dead friend. Had it been a case of foul play it would not have gone well with the slayer. Mr. Davis was beloved by all his associates. He was a gentleman of the higher type—a mode cattleman, equally at home in the cowboy's bunk or in the metropolitan hotel, clean of all the uncouthness and vices once so common in the life of the plains. Not so much as tobacco tainted his breath. His untimely passing has occasioned profound and universal sorrow.

The Twentieth Century Club will meet with Mrs. W. H. Ebey tomorrow, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Something Needed Portland Park Addition

Lots near the big Cement Plant to accommodate the hundreds of laborers to be employed in this great industry. This need has been met by laying out the Portland Park Addition just west of the cement plant. Lots are 30 feet by 140, with 60-foot streets and 20-foot alleys. Prices of lots are from \$20 to \$30. Terms, \$5 down and \$2 per month. A large reservoir is to be built on the north side by the cement company which will afford boating and fishing.

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Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor
B. O. BROWN, Business Manager

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election.

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN
M. L. TURNER
ROY HOFFMAN

For Congress
CHARLEY D. CARTER
D. H. LINEBAUGH
F. W. SKILLERN
E. P. HILL
CHAS. E. McPHERREN
R. SARLLS

For State Senator
REUBEN M. RODDIE
OTIS B. WEAVER

For State Representative
RANDOLPH LAURENCE.

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENEFFEE

For District Judge
A. T. WEST

For Circuit Judge
EUGENE E. WHITE

For Clerk of Supreme Court
E. C. PATTON

For County Judge
J. P. WOOD
A. M. CROXTON
JOEL TERRELL

For County Attorney
ROBT WIMBISH
B. C. KING

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEM) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. E. (ED) FUSSELL

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
H. WOODARD
M. F. DEW.

For District Clerk
W. T. COX
W. D. LOWDEN.

For County Treasurer
J. C. CATES
C. K. DAVENPORT
J. K. SCROGGIN

For Register of Deeds
A. C. BRAY
GARY KITCHENS
C. C. HARGIS
A. L. MILES.

For County Surveyor

For Supt. of Public Instruction
BASCOM T. LAWSON

For County Commissioner
R. L. (BOB) WALKER
JOHN B. STEWART
JOHN D. RINARD

For Justice of the Peace, Ada Precinct
W. H. NETTLES
H. J. BROWN

For Constable Ada Precinct
CHARLES A. THOMAS
SID RIEDEL

GOOD GAS WITHIN 30 MILES.

At a depth of 1,480 feet a flow of gas estimated at 5,000,000 feet has been struck near Wewoka. There is also considerable oil and the developers will drill still deeper in search of oil.

This strike is only thirty miles from Ada. That fact should encourage development of the local field. Ours is not such a "wildcat" territory after all.

A local real estate man has made careful map measurements based on the well known fact that oil and gas fields are found on this continent in chains running in a southwesterly direction, each field being at an angle of 45 degrees from the one next north. He finds the 45 degree line running from the Glenn oil pool passes only a few miles of Ada, between here and Center.

VOTE it straight tomorrow—that's he Democrat.

GOVERNOR FRANK FRANTZ has formally announced his candidacy for governor of Greater Oklahoma subject to the action of the Republican party. This means he will get the nomination without a struggle, but will be slaughtered in the struggle to follow.

No CASUALTIES are reported resulting from the Easter millinery crush.

The MYSTERY of CARNEYCROFT

by JOSEPH BROWN COOKE COPYRIGHT 1907 BY STORY-PRESS CORPORATION

CHAPTER IV.
Little Bobbs.

I followed him as rapidly as possible, hoping to overtake him and, at least, persuade him to return to my office until his excitement had cooled somewhat, but I reached the street only in time to see him turn the corner and mingle with the bustling crowd.

At the same instant a little man, not over five feet in height, and dressed in coarse drab, Norfolk jacket and tightly fitting trousers, turned in hurriedly from the opposite direction and collided with me with some violence.

"Beg pardon, sir," he panted, recovering himself with an effort and pulling off his cap respectfully. "Beg pardon, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Ware's office, sir. Mr. Frederick Ware, sir. Is this the place, sir?" and he placed his hand on his chest and gasped noisily in his endeavor to catch his breath.

"Mr. Ware's office is upstairs," I replied, "and I am Mr. Ware. Who are you?"

"Thank ye, sir," he said gratefully, an expression of relief lighting up his face. "I'm Bobbs, sir. Little Bobbs, they calls me, sir." Still holding his cap in his hand he pulled his forelock and bowed with the grace of an east-side dancing master.

"Very well, Bobbs," I said, completely puzzled. "Now what do you want?"

"Why, I want Mr. Carney, of course, sir," he replied. "I'm his man, you know, sir, and he told me to meet him here in half an hour."

"So you are Mr. Carney's servant, eh?" I queried.

He nodded respectfully and touched his forelock again.

"Well," I continued, "Mr. Carney has gone and you won't be able to overtake him, so there is no use in your trying. Moreover, I want to see you myself in the office for a few minutes."

He followed me upstairs and sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, twirling his cap between his hands and twiddling his thumbs nervously. I watched him for a moment in silence and then, an idea striking me, I unlocked the small cupboard in my desk, took out a bottle and a glass and, placing them before him, said solicitously: "You are completely exhausted, Bobbs; better take a little of this."

His face was perfectly frank and honest as he said, politely, "Thank ye kindly, sir, but I never touch it. I'll be all right in a minute, sir."

I returned the bottle and glass to their places, fully satisfied with the result of my little experiment and convinced that the fellow had spoken the truth and could be relied upon in every way.

"How long have you been in Mr. Carney's employ?" I asked, as I turned the key in the lock.

"Three years, come next autumn," he replied promptly.

"And did you never drink anything in your life, Bobbs?" I continued, for I was working out a definite line of questions.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, rather uncomfortably I thought, "I can't say as I've always been teetotal, sir, an' I used to take a drop now and then and again, sir. But since Mr. Carney got this way, sir, I gave it up entirely. It wouldn't do for me to be drinkin' now, you know, sir."

"No, it wouldn't," I said emphatically. "You are quite right, Bobbs, and you are a faithful fellow to give it up as you have."

"Thank ye, sir," said Bobbs.

"How long has Mr. Carney been in this condition?" I asked.

Bobbs looked at me in an undecided fashion for a moment and then blurted out, "Why, I don't know, sir, as I ought to be talkin' of his affairs so much, sir. It don't seem to me as it's quite right, sir."

I appreciated the fellow's devotion and loyalty to his master's interests and hastened to reassure him.

"It's all right, Bobbs," I said. "You may talk to me perfectly freely for I understand everything. You know, Mr. Carney himself was here for some time this morning."

Bobbs looked relieved and proceeded without further diffidence.

"Why, I should say, sir, it's goin' on about two years now. Ye know, he had some trouble or other on his mind when he went away, sir, an' it seemed to prey on him more an' more all the time. After a while he began gettin' in with those people, which I suppose was a relief to him and kept his thoughts off the other thing. At first it was only occasionally when he got to feelin' specially downhearted, but it wasn't long before he was with 'em all the time, sir. I begged and begged him to keep away from 'em, for you know as well as I do, sir, that only one thing could come of it, but he wouldn't listen to me and things kept goin' from bad to worse."

"At the beginning he kept up his interest in the business pretty well, but finally he lost all track of that, and then it wasn't many months before he couldn't attend to it whether he wanted to or not. That was the time I quit drinkin', sir, for I saw that he needed every minute of my time, day and

night, or at least that he might need it.

"His neglectin' the business as he did wasn't any harm, you know, sir, for it's so well managed that it could almost run itself, but I did wish that he had worked off his bad feelin's in the office, 'stead of the way he did. My heart aches for him all the time, sir," continued the faithful fellow, brushing away a tear with his knuckle, "but he got so obstinate that nobody could do a thing with him an', anyway, I could have managed him myself if anyone living could."

"You think there is no chance for him now, Bobbs?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not one in a million, sir," answered Bobbs, sadly. "He's too far gone now, sir. He was takin' the cure for a time an' we began to have some hopes of him, but it wasn't any use, an' the first thing we knew he was as bad as ever."

"I wonder he came back at all," I remarked. "I shouldn't have thought he would have felt inclined to."

"I didn't think he'd come, myself," said Bobbs, "but he insisted upon it, and, as I told you a minute ago, there's no changing him now when he once gets an idea in his head, so we packed up and came. He said he had some matters to attend to with you that he must see about at once, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "he arranged certain affairs with me this morning."

"Well," said Bobbs, "I'm glad that's done, for it will be a great load off his mind."

"Where do you suppose he has gone now?" I asked. "He left here very hurriedly and I wonder if he will get into trouble." My calmness of mind was due to the fact that, under the circumstances, I should not have cared if he had broken his neck.

"Oh! he'll get back to the hotel, sir," returned Bobbs confidently. "He told me to get the tickets for to-night and a few other things he needed and then meet him here, or at the hotel if he had left here. You know he is going home to-night, sir."

"Yes," I said, "but he tells me he does not expect to stay there long. Do you know what his plans are?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, sir," said Bobbs. "He never tells anyone what he is going to do, and he's in such a bad way now that I fancy he's as likely to go one way as another, sir. But I'll stick to him, sir; you may be sure of that. I must be going now for he may need me. You know, sir, he's not always as bad as you've seen him to-day. It's only at times, sir, that he gets like this."

"I should hope so," I returned. "And you think he will reach the hotel safely?"

"No doubt about that, sir," said Bobbs. "If he has any trouble or should get—er—dizzy or anything, he'll take a cab, sir. The way he can keep his head is wonderful, sir."

He had risen to go as I asked my last question.

"Bobbs," I said, earnestly, "I want you to tell me something. What, in heaven's name, does Mr. Carney drink, to keep him in this condition?"

"What does he drink, sir?" exclaimed Bobbs in a half frightened tone and viewing me with evident and sudden suspicion. "Why, I thought you knew, sir! I thought you knew!" and before I could stop him, he, like his master, had rushed out of the office into the street.

CHAPTER V.
A Question of Guessing.

Some men are so stupid at times that one wonders how they get on in life at all, and after a few moments of ridiculously profound thought, I was quite ready to consign myself to this class. Here was a man, obviously a slave to a habit which was slowly but surely eating his very life away, who virtually admitted his shortcomings in the plainest of English, and yet who rushed from my presence in horror and disgust when I attempted to persuade him to leave intoxicants alone! Here was his servant, an honest, trustworthy fellow, who not only admitted his master's failings but gave many details of his unfortunate downfall, and yet who regarded me with suspicion and dread when I ventured to ask him a most natural question! And here was a fool of a lawyer who could not see through a millstone with a hole in it!

I reached for the telephone and called up MacArdel.

"Hello, Mac!" I said. "Busy to-night?"

"Nothing special," he replied, laconically. "What's up?"

"Dine with me at the club at seven, will you?" I asked. "I want you to tell me something."

"All right," said MacArdel. "Seven sharp, and I'll order the dinner. Good-by," and he hung up his receiver with a snap.

I did not resent MacArdel's abruptness, for I knew he had a room full of people waiting to see him and the fact that he was to order the dinner was enough to make a man forgive anything short of an unpardonable sin.

MacArdel was late, of course. He was born half an hour after he was expected and his time-table through life has always been that much behind to a second; so I called for the things and made the cocktails myself,

I cannot order a dinner as MacArdel can, but I can construct a cocktail that would make the nectar of the gods taste like Bloomsbury coffee.

The dinner was as good as the cocktail and we went to the roof for our coffee and cigars.

MacArdel tipped back in his chair and rested his heels on the broad coping, for we were sitting in a secluded corner, back of a pillar, and the only light we had came from the restless city far below us, sparkling and glittering like the reflection of a September sky at midnight. An occasional glimmer of moonlight broke through the fleecy, scudding clouds, so that, from time to time, we caught glimpses of each other as we lazily puffed our cigars. The silence was emphasized by the disjointed murmur of voices about us, and the never-ending distant rumble in the streets beneath.

It was a dreary night and a dreamy place and I dreaded to bring up the disagreeable topic that we had met to discuss. So we sipped our coffee and smoked out our cigars almost oblivious of each other's presence. But when the fresh cigars were lighted, MacArdel yawned impolitely, as was his habit when we were alone, and said briefly:

"Well, what is it?"

I told him of my experiences in the morning, taking care not to omit a single detail of what I had observed in my interview with either Carney or Bobbs. When I had finished he remarked, with equal brevity:

"Well, what of it?"

That's the way with MacArdel! He can be, and usually is, the most exasperating fellow that ever lived.

"What of it?" I exclaimed. "There's a deuced lot of it, I tell you! I want to find out what this fellow is doing and get him to leave it alone. If you had ever seen his sister and could understand, as I do, the desolateness of her position, you'd be as anxious as I am to reform him."

"Woman in the case, of course," murmured MacArdel softly, taking a deep puff of smoke which he held in



"Well, What is it?"

his mouth for a moment and then blew out slowly in a long thin cloud.

This is one of the most insulting things that a man can do, and MacArdel knows it perfectly well. I was inclined to knock him down, but I think too much of him for that, so I merely said:

"No, Mac, don't be a fool, but try to listen to reason, if you can!"

"Impossible when you're talking," he observed softly.

I ignored this and continued: "My only interest in Miss Carney is that of lawyer to client and I'm not in love with her or thinking of marrying her. In the first place, I've only seen her once or twice in my life, and in the next, the difference in our financial positions, to speak of nothing else, is quite enough to put out of the question any such idea on my part."

"Cat-looking," said MacArdel, between puffs.

"I suppose you mean by that to infer that a dog may look at a queen!" I replied testily, "but I tell you, man, it's all nonsense—utter nonsense."

"Looks bad, though," said MacArdel, "specially when a fellow compares himself to a dog, and the lady to a queen," and he touched the bell on the little table between us.

"What's that for?" I asked. "I've got plenty of cigars here in my pocket."

"Yellow chattruse," he replied. "I think you need it."

"Now, seriously, Mac!" I resumed. "What do you think of this man Carney's virtual denial of any excesses?"

"Lie," said MacArdel.

"Well," I went on, "what do you think of the servant's behavior in practically admitting the whole business and then turning about as he did at the last moment?"

"Nother lie," he replied.

Then you think they are a pair of precious scoundrels?" I asked.

"No; damned scoundrels," he said slowly. "I think they are unless the matter can be explained in another way. But I'm not at all sure of it. That's merely the way things look now."

"Mac," I said, "you don't know as much as I do."

"That," he replied, "is the most unkind thing you ever said to me. I know things, my boy, that your philosophy never dreamed of. I have been trying to think, while you have been talking, and, in spite of you, I have thought to some purpose."

"In the first place, as I said a minute ago, I think the man is an ordinary drunkard and that this servant

—Continued on page 3—

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10c a week

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

We have sold all our brick on hand but if you or your friends are going to build, you run no risk in placing your order with us. We make brick now at the rate of 20,000 per day, and we are preparing to make anything you want in the line of burnt clay ware. Our circular letter to users of building material in clay ware will be ready in a few days. Write for it.

ADA PRESSED BRICK & TILE CO.

(AN OLD AND ESTABLISHED HOUSE)

ARMSTRONG, BYRD & CO

OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Have been established in the PIANO and ORGAN business in Oklahoma and Indian Territories for ten years. They are the largest music house in the Southwest, and carry a magnificent line of thirty-two of the best known and most reliable makes of Pianos. They sell from \$50.00 to \$75.00 cheaper than any other firm sell Pianos of the same grade and quality.

IF IN THE MARKET FOR A PIANO FIGURE WITH THEM

Buy a home

IN THE BEAUTIFUL

Sunrise
ADDITION

This addition is the choicest residence district in Ada, and no other location offers the advantages of SUNRISE. Just the right distance from the business district—the place to build a substantial home on a small investment. Values are steadily advancing. You must see this beautiful addition before you decide on a location, and we will be glad to show you these lots at any time. Come in and talk it over, before values advance.

O. B. WEAVER AGENCY

12th and Broadway. R. O. WHEELER, Manager.

Put Your Loose Dollars on Deposit

Open an account with us—deposit all the cash you don't actually need and you will be surprised how your account will grow.

1ST NAT'L BANK

LOCAL NEWS

CLEAN OLD RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Attend the Baptist revival. E. L. Steed attended to business at Tupelo today.

FOR SALE—A good fresh milk cow. M. B. Donaghey. 7-2td
E. L. Thompson, of Jesse, is a new subscriber to The News.

When you want a nice fat chicken phone Judge Hilton, chicken specialist. 7tf

Earnest Pritchlyme, of the Harris hotel, was at Atoka over Sunday.

Have you tried our leader cigar "Pontotoc"? It's the real smoke!—Gwin, Mays & Co. 6tf

Contractor Lumsden, who is building the city's dam, was in Shawnee over night.

The best smoke in town, "Pontotoc," our new cigar. Try it!—Gwin, Mays & Co. 6tf

J. O. Mattison, of Oklahoma City, state agent for the New York Mutual Insurance Co., is in Ada today.

Purity and excellence—that's Loose-Wiles chocolates and bon bons at Mason's. 7tf

The clock ticks and ticks the time away. Shortening up our lives each day. Eat, drink and be merry.

For some day you will be where, You can't get Rocky Mountain Tea. Free samples at G. M. Ramsey's. 9

FOR RENT—3-room house. O. B. Weaver.

W. H. Keller, foreman of the gang at work on the new dam, spent Sunday with his family at Dallas. He returned to Ada this morning.

Goody, Goody, Goody—That's what you say. Loose-Wiles chocolates and bon bons at Mason's. 7tf

Oscar Ferris was here from Oolite over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Lancaster returned Sunday evening from a pleasant trip through Old Mexico. They also visited at several Texas points, and report a most pleasant trip.

Gwin, Mays & Co. are receiving much praise for their leading cigar "Pontotoc." It's the best smoke in Ada—Gwin, Mays & Co. 6tf

Dr. B. H. Erb Sundayed at Madill.

Mrs. S. M. Torbett went to Ardmore Monday morning for a week's visit with her parents.

Four-room house on East Twelfth street, furnished neat and complete for rent at a reasonable price from May to September. Apply to S. J. Armstrong. 9-dtf

A. Summers, postmaster and general merchant of Maxwell, was in the city today and made the News office a pleasant call.

It's virtues have been established for many years, and thousands of people have been made happy by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. G. M. Ramsey. 9

CLEAN OLD RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Mrs. Jas. Earnest has been quite sick the past few days.

Dr. Runyan has moved into his new residence on South Rennie.

Robt. Wimbish and Joel Terrell were telling the voters at Stonewall about it today.

Rev. M. A. Cassidy went to Stonewall this morning where he is conducting a revival meeting.

He's done it again—T. J. Chambless has bought another stock of goods at Catoosa, which means more bargains for Ada's buying-public. 9-1t

Hon. Boone Williams of Lehigh, president of the Lehigh National Bank, was in Ada Sunday afternoon and Monday morning looking after the business affairs of the late Tom Davis. Mr. Williams represented the Lehigh district in the constitutional convention, and acquitted himself very creditably.

Attorney H. A. Kroeger of Francis had business in Ada this morning.

Mrs. Jessie Marsh, of Mill Creek, who visited in Ada Sunday, returned to her home this morning.

Attorneys Thos. P. Holt, B. H. Epseron and James Webb are in Francis today on legal business. Their stenographer, Miss Nelson, accompanied them.

Harry Parks, of ice cream fame, has been suffering the past few days with neuralgia. At this writing he no better.

A bountiful dinner was served at the good home of Mrs. S. J. Martin Sunday. The guests were Mesdames Perkins, Willis and Berry and Messrs. Perkins, Berry and Otis and Carlton Weaver.

T. J. Chambless spent most of last week at Catoosa, I. T., where he bid in and bought a clean stock of merchandise amounting to \$32,000 at 60c on the dollar. This stock is the cleanest and most up-to-date of the many stocks he has examined within the past two weeks and is an exceptionally good buy at the price. 9-1t

Mrs. S. J. Martin and Miss Mollie Jernigan are entertaining the Ladies Home Mission this afternoon.

Word from John Cox, who had his leg amputated at a Sherman sanitarium last week, says that he is getting along nicely.

Dr. H. Browall has been appointed local physician for the Oklahoma Central.

Carl Robb, the boy who was run over by a Frisco train some two weeks ago is getting along as well as could be expected, and is sitting up today.

Lee Nettles had the misfortune Sunday night of the dislocation of the hip.

The Catoosa stock of merchandise bought by T. J. Chambless is one of the cleanest, most desirable stocks to be had and considering the way cotton goods have advanced, shows good judgment on Mr. Chambless' part in hustling out and bidding in such stocks. 9-1t

W. R. Brandon orders the News sent to his brother, R. S. Brandon, Norman, Okla. Tenn.

Gymnastics alone can never give that elasticity, ease and graceful figure which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. 9 G. M. Ramsey.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Judges for Election.

Judge Dickerson has made an order appointing officers for next Tuesday's city election, which reads as follows:

In the United States Court, Southern District of the Indian Territory.

In the matter of the appointment of Judges of Election for the city of Ada in said District.

It is ordered that the following named said District and Territory be and they are hereby appointed Judges of an Election to be held in the said City of Ada, for city officers, on Tuesday the 2nd day of April, 1907, viz:

For ward No. 1.—I. M. King, W. H. Eby and C. M. Chauncy.

For ward No. 2.—J. F. McKeel, Z. T. Henderson, C. I. Patterson.

For ward No. 3.—J. R. Lawrence, H. A. Hodges, W. D. Lowden.

For ward No. 4.—A. Riddell, J. M. Brundage and R. O. Wheeler.

The said Judges will appoint two discreet persons from each ward to act as clerks of said election.

Done at Chambers in the City of Chickasha in said District and Territory this—day of March, 1907.

J. T. DICKERSON, Judge.

RHEUMATISM WILL GO.

Shake well in a bottle the following: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, and Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces. Take for each dose one teaspoonful after your meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of good water.

A well-known authority states that any good prescription pharmacy can supply the ingredients, which may be easily mixed at home.

This mixture will act directly upon the Kidneys, removing obstructions that clog the process of eliminating waste matter and acids which produce Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary difficulties and other affections resulting from soured blood, which the Kidneys failed to keep clean and pure.

The worst forms of Rheumatism are said to be readily overcome without the slightest injury or ill feeling to the stomach or digestive organs.

MYSTERY OF CARNEYCROFT.

that so?" and he blew out another of those insulting streamers of smoke. I was forced to admit sheepishly that he was right, and my good opinion of myself faded away like the smoke of our cigars.

"Well," he continued, "the symptoms he presents could not be caused by opium, nor by cocaine, nor by hashish. Whisky is the most likely thing of all, and you have nothing but a couple of vague expressions of astonishment from him and his servant to make you search for any other solution of the problem."

"There is, however, one other thing that might be at the bottom of it all, but he could not get it here, and it would be pretty hard for him to get it anywhere. Moreover, I am not at all sure myself about it, and would have to look it up before I would venture to say anything definite on the subject."

"What is it?" I asked impatiently. "Never mind what it is, for the present," he replied. "If I am wrong in my surmise you can safely put it down to whisky, and if I am right, you are no better off, though perhaps no worse. Now, I am not going to say anything more about it to-night."

"But in the meantime what am I to do with him?" I persisted. "I may see him again or be asked for advice concerning him at any time, you know."

"Leave him to Bobbs. Ware; leave him entirely to Bobbs and let him go his own way as he will," said Mac-Ardel earnestly. "If it's whisky, the sooner he drinks himself to death the better, and if it's the only other thing it can be, Bobbs is a veritable God-send to him and to all of you, too. Whatever you do, leave him alone yourself, for you can't do him any good and you may get into a lot of trouble if you bother with him. Let's go down and play a game of billiards."

—Continued tomorrow—

Mayor as Bell Ringer.

The following story is told in Paris of a village priest and a mayor: In a village in the department of the Ain the cure was his own church warden. For want of money the church was abandoned, and for many days the villagers heard no Angelus when working in the fields at daybreak, at noon, and in the evening. The mayor, a retired gendarme, an ardent radical, missed the cure and the chimes as much as any other villager, and when the cure had been gone a week he began to ring the bells. One night recently the village was roused by the notes of the Angelus. It was no call to mass, still less a fire alarm; it was a mistake of the mayor. The moon, breaking through the clouds just before going down, had brought him from his bed thinking it was sunrise. And now he is awaiting a letter from the prefect reproaching him, and perhaps revoking him for having rung the church bells before sunrise.

Poll Parrot as a Game Bird.

While the parrot is a bird of beautiful plumage, as a table delicacy it is not recommended, as I know from sad experience. My first essay at eating a parrot was attended with modified success. The bird must have been comparatively young, and after several hours boiling became soft enough to masticate and finally swallow, leaving behind it an impression that we had lunched on the sole of a rubber boot.—Field and Stream.

Old Furniture Made New With Jap-a-lac

We have it in all the colors. Price 15c per can and up. Ready for use—dries quickly. Anybody can apply it. We also carry a complete line of house and carriage paints, Collier's White Lead and Linseed oil, brushes, etc.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist
Successor to Clark Drug Co.

Warning Order.

In the United State's court in the Indian Territory, Southern District: Citizens' National Bank, Ada, I. T., Plaintiff.

vs. R. J. Lewis, Defendant. No. 912
The defendant, R. J. Lewis, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Citizens' National Bank, Ada, I. T. Witness the Hon. J. T. Dickerson, judge of said court, and the seal thereof, this 29th day of March, 1907.
C. M. Campbell, Clerk.
By A. H. Constant, Deputy. Crawford & Bolen, attorneys. Attorney for non-resident: Tom D. McKeown.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

After March 1st the subscription price to the Oklahoman will be 45c per month, by carrier or at the Newsstand. OKLAHOMAN.

Join the Procession.

Join the procession that comes to this store. We have the finest—full to the door. Delicious fresh fruits and vegetables nice. Good things to eat at a popular price. Eggs, poultry and meat. Flour, best brand. Health food and stock food to suit the demand. In the line of good products this stock is complete. We run more pleasant with good things to eat. Toothsome stuff, wholesome stuff, fresh and O. K. Our eatables make you feel happy and gay. Now "hello" to Hilton any time in the day.

Judge Hilton
Phone

WANT A BATH?

Then get a good clean one, Hot or Cold, at High & Litzman's Barber Shop, next door to English Kitchen.

Five Pennies A Day

Pays for a telephone in your home. Can you afford to be without it? Order today. Call the Local Manager for a representative of the Contract Department.

PIONEER TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH CO.

LEADING PROFESSIONAL MEN

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN
LAWYERS
Over Citizens National Bank
Ada, Ind. Ter.

FURMAN & CROXTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

DR. H. T. SAFFARRANS
Dentist
In Freeman Bldg. Ada, I. T.

F. W. LE FEVRE, M. D.
General Practice and Surgery. Special attention to diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses fitted with ophthalmoscope and trial lenses. X-Ray treatment and static electricity. Office in Duncan Block. Phones 161-240.

DR. T. H. GRANGER,
DENTIST
Over 1st Nat'l. Bank, Phone 212

DR. B. H. ERB,
DENTIST
Ada National Bank Building
Rooms P and O, Phone 39
Office Hours: 8 to 12; 1 to 5:30

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
Is given up to be best. Do Largest Agency Work of any plant in this Territory.

Toothsome Things.
THE ENGLISH KITCHEN
AT this Kitchen when hunger you feel. BEST short orders and squares of meat. GOOD things of the season, cooked in the right way. USCHIES and short orders all times of the day. It's a cinch that this is the best place to eat. SERVICE attentive and everything neat. HERE'S a pleasant resort for ladies and men.
KITCHEN viands are good, and they come back again. HERE are cigars of the popular brands. THE goods that will please a first-class demand. COFFEE to please you, or chilli that's hot. HERE are refreshments that hit the right spot. EXAMINE our restaurant, strictly first-rate. NEWLY papered and painted—right up-to-date.
DECKERT & GOYENS,
PROPRIETORS, ADA, OKLA.

The Nickel Store

Why Pay More?

Why pay big profits when the

Nickel Store

is satisfied with small ones. This store made low prices possible in many lines. Hundreds of pleased customers have told their story of quality and price. One price to all, and that the lowest cash price. Quick sales and small profits.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Choice new crop 1907 seeds, the large full weight packages, 2 for 5c. We also sell everything in the line of bulk seeds at half the usual prices.

LAMPS

Usually merchants expect to make big profits on lamps. We like profits but we prefer small ones and lots of business. Size up our lamp bargains, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 65c.

Big Bargains in Hardware and Enamelware.

10 quart Enamel Buckets 75c values for 50c; 14 qt. Enamel Dish Pans for 50c; 7 qt. Enamel Tea Kettles for 60c; 2 qt. Enamel Pudding Pan for 10c; 5 qt. Enamel Pudding Pan for 15c.

FILES. All first-class hand saw files, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, for 5c each.

Flat files. 6 inch 8c, 8 inch 10c, 10 inch 15c or 2 for 25c.

Shoe Tacks. 1 lb. boxes Brashed Shoe Nails, 4c.

Hammers. First-class steel nail hammers 49c; tack hammers 5c and 10c. Tacks. Carpet tacks, 500 count, 5c per box.

Bargains in Stoneware.

Milk Crocks, 1 gal. size 6c; 2 gal. size 12c. Milk tall jars, 1 gal. size 6c; 2 gal. size 12c.

FINE CHINAWARE.

Salad Dishes, usually sold at 50c, for 25c. Bread dishes, unusually nice lot, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Cups and Saucers, gold decorated, semi porcelain, 60c a set. Dinner Plates of same goods, 60c a set.

Dishes, Bakers, Bowls, Platters, Pitchers, etc. We are selling this high-grade ware as cheap as the plain white is usually sold for.

All over the store you will find new goods, all at fair prices. Hundreds of real bargains. Clean cut snaps. We respectfully invite you to call, whether you wish to buy or not.

The Nickel Store

5c and 10c Store of Ada

S. M. SHAW,
Prop.

SNOW BRAND

Medium Priced Shoes for Men

\$3.50 to \$5.00

Our Snow \$5.00 guaranteed patent is the best shoe value ever offered for the money. Complete line of shoes, all styles and prices. Get our prices before you buy.

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man

The Crystal Ice Cream Factory

Ada, Indian Territory,

IS NOW READY FOR BUSINESS.

We guarantee our cream to be pure in every respect. Your order shall get prompt attention and be shipped by quickest route.

Just Received

A nice line of Loose-Wiles Chocolates and Bon Bons. Every package is boxed purity. Phone us your order and we guarantee satisfaction.

MASON DRUG CO.
The Progressive Pharmacists
Phone 44.

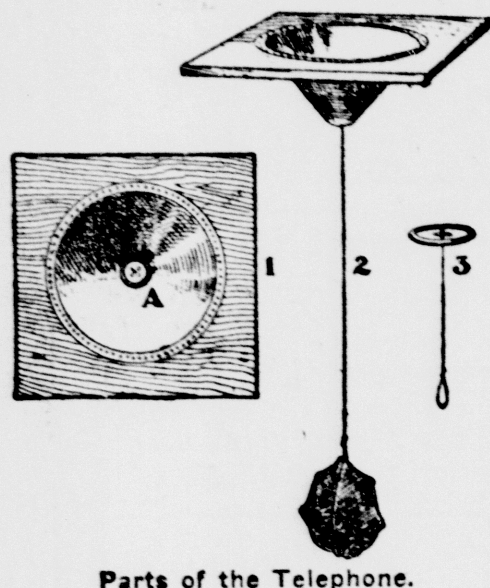


AN EASILY MADE TELEPHONE.

Instrument That Will Work If Constructed Carefully.

The materials you will require are two pine boards ten by 13 inches, and half an inch thick, two fresh beef bladders, one box of four-ounce tacks, two large gutta-percha overcoat buttons, some strips of thin leather one-quarter of an inch wide, and lastly some flexible wire. The best wire for the purpose is that used in book-binding machines, but, if it cannot be obtained, any soft, flexible wire will do.

Prepare the bladders first by blowing them up tightly, and leaving them so for a day or two until they are thoroughly stretched, but do not let them become dry and hard, says Good Literature. While the bladders are stretching you can obtain the other materials. To begin, take one of the boards, and having brought it to the required dimensions, draw a circle in its center eight inches in diameter, which you must saw out, taking care



Parts of the Telephone.

to keep on the line, for if the opening is not round or even, the instrument will not work satisfactorily.

Next take one of the bladders, and after cutting the neck off cut away about one-third of it from end to end; then soak it in water, warm, but not too hot, until it becomes white and soft; after which stretch it loosely but evenly over the opening, letting the inside of the bladder be on top, and tack temporarily all around one inch from the edge of the opening.

Now test it by pushing the center with your finger; if it stretches smoothly and without wrinkles, it will do; but if it does not, you must change its position until it does so. Next take a strip of leather and tack completely around the edge of the opening, putting the tacks closely together, and taking care to keep the bladder stretched evenly while doing so. When you have it tacked properly, take your knife and cut away that part of the bladder on the outside strip (Fig. 1).

This done, break off three feet of the wire, and after attaching it to one of the buttons (Fig. 3), pass the free end through the center of the bladder until the button rests on its surface (A Fig. 1), then fasten a weight of eight pounds to the end of the wire and set in the sun for two hours or more until thoroughly dry (Fig. 2).

Proceed with the other materials in a like manner, and when you have both drums well dried, place one on each end of the line, and connect the button wires with the main wire by loops, and stretch it as tightly as possible, and with few sharp angles. Whenever a support is needed use a loop.

To call up, strike the button with a lead pencil, and the one called up will respond in a like manner. This is not a toy, but is a practical telephone that is serviceable from three feet to three miles.

Something Lacking.

The small boy was making calls with his mother, and to soothe his evident restlessness, the minister's wife had given him an apple.

"What do you say, William?" the mother prompted.

"Feel it!" William answered, with conviction.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Much Depends on the Color.

"She—is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?"

He—Certainly. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red-hot stove by merely putting his finger on it.—Illustrated Bits.

THROWING THE DISCUS.

The Old Greek and Roman Game of Quits.

Have you ever played quits? The Greeks and Romans had a game very similar to quits, and it was one of their favorite amusements. It was called "Throwing the discus."



The discus was a circular plate of stone or metal, ten to 12 inches in diameter, and was held by its further edge with the right hand, so as to lean upon the forearm, and was cast with a swing of the arm, aided by a twist of the whole body. The picture will give you a correct idea of the position of the player. Similar to this game, the ancients had another, "Throwing the solos," a heavy spherical mass of stone or iron, perforated through the center to admit a rope, by the aid of which it was thrown.

A BORN OPTIMIST.

Story That Was Definition and Illustration All in One.

When little Leander Bassett asked big Leander, his father, what an optimist was, Mr. Bassett regarded him thoughtfully for a moment before he spoke, says the Youth's Companion. "I hope you're going to be one," he said, slowly. "You favor your Uncle William in looks, and you've got some of his ways. 'Twould please me mightily to have you turn out like him."

"I don't know how the big dictionaries put it, but I know the general idea, sonny, and it's your Uncle William clear through and through."

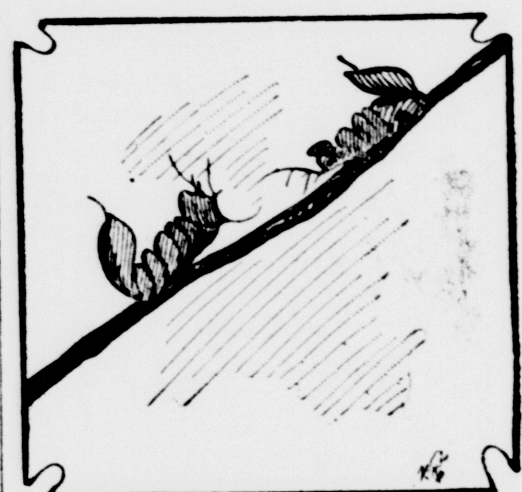
"When he had anything hard to do, he just made a kind of a window of it to see something pleasant through."

"When we had wood to saw an' split, he used to call it a kind of a battle. He'd say, 'When we've disposed of this regiment,' pointing to a pile of wood father'd portioned off to us. 'I think our troops will be able to make off to the woods without further interference,' he'd say—and then we'd both back away like mad."

"When it came to hoeing corn in the hot sun and I'd get clean discouraged, he'd put his hand up to his eyes and say, 'Strikes me we're getting on pretty fast. When we've hoed these two rows and 16 more, we'll be one more than half done, and plenty of time to finish.' He'd laugh when he said it, and I'd laugh with him."

"I couldn't always see it the same way he did, but I learned one thing—you can look right at any hard, disagreeable job till you can't see anything else, even when you turn away from it; or you can look through it, no matter how thick it is, same as William did. He was what I call an optimist."

DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY.



This picture is taken from a wonderful photograph showing how caterpillars fight. These two creatures have met on a twig and neither will give the other the right of way. Both want it, and the result will be a fight to the death. The picture shows the caterpillars sparring for an opening, just as two human fighters approach each other in the ring.

Across Lots.

"What do people mean when they talk about tacking?" asked Bobby, who had listened to a detailed account of his sister's first experience in a sailboat with interest, but in much confusion of mind.

"Oh, you'll know when you're a little older," said the sister; but the small round face wore an expression of injury, and she had to explain further.

"Why, it's just turning half-way round," she said, with slight hesitation, "and then—and then you sail on the bias."—Youth's Companion.

CAPTAIN OF THE APHRODITE

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was a black day in the life of Jerry Richardson when the Aphrodite swung into Allerdale harbor, and James Rothery met him on the poop with the information that the brig had made her last trip.

"Ye dinna mean it, Master Rothery?" he asked, his sea-tanned face paling as he spoke.

"But I do mean it," the shipowner firmly replied. "The ship's old, Jerry. She wasn't new when my father bought her; and on top of the 40 years' work she did for him, there's been ten for me, and I can't face another winter with her. I'll sail my ships with clean hands, or I'll not sail them at all, and that's why I've made up my mind to have done with the Aphrodite. Why, Jerry, old man, if anything happened to you and these fine lads of yours, I'd never dare to look an honest man in the face again!"

Jerry turned away, and gazed down upon the ebbing waters. He knew that further speech was useless. By and by he wheeled round and, facing his employer, observed:

"I've no mair to say! Mebbe yer right. But, Master Rothery, ye dinna ken what this old brig is to me. I come aboard her as a lad, an' she's the only ship I've ever had. An' now I've got to see her torn rib from rib! It's a heartbreak, sir, but I'll say no mair about it!"

"Jerry," and Rothery laid his hand affectionately on the skipper's



Watched the Working of the Last Scene.

shoulder, "this is just what I was afraid of; but I can't help it. I can't do wrong, even to spare you! And then you mustn't think that I'm going to part with the best captain I've got. Of course, you can have another ship. What d'ye say to that new one on the slips?"

"Thank ye, sir; it's very kind of ye, but I dinna want another! Ships are very much like folk, an' I'm too old to git used to a fresh un!"

"Then you must just come ashore and lay by, and I'll fix up a bit of a pension for you."

"Divil take yer pension!" Jerry roared in a sudden accession of wrath. "If ye want to pension anything let it be the old brig. She's worked as hard for ye as I have, and she's been every bit as faithful. She's pounded through the seas of 50 winters for ye, and ye've no right to throw her over now."

"Well, Jerry," Rothery impulsively exclaimed, "You'll not take another ship, and you'll not take a pension; instead of selling the old Aphrodite, I'll put her on the retired list. We'll just lay her up at the top of the harbor yonder till she tumbles to pieces; and I'll tell you what, Jerry, we'll keep the log aboard, and you shall be entered as captain as long as either you or me's alive."

From beneath his shaggy eyebrows Jerry shot a questioning glance, then gripped his master's hand in a vise-like clasp and, without a word, vanished down the companion.

In this way, then, the Aphrodite became one of the institutions of the port. As soon as her cargo had been landed, a few tons of ballast were dropped into the hold, and she was warped to the head of the harbor and moored over an easy mud-bank. From that day, year in, year out, storm or shine, the ship was Jerry's constant care.

Thus the years slipped away, and upon Jerry's head each of them laid a whitening hand, until his locks were as the sea horses that race before the western wind.

Then came a day when the master mariner walked the deck of his idled ship alone when, with all that he had planned for Jerry's consolation left undone, James Rothery had been gathered to his fathers, and the Aphrodite was in the market.

After its first gasp of astonishment, Allerdale broke into laughter. Captain Jerry had bought the Aphrodite!

With the purchase, Jerry regarded his anxiety on the ship's account as completely vanquished; but the second winter of his ownership laid a new burden upon his shoulders.

It was a hard winter, and ere the last snow had melted Jerry's back had

taken a sharper bend, and his gait a more definite halt. There were days and days, too, when the Aphrodite had to be left entirely to herself, and it was this fact that aroused the new fear in the mariner's breast. What, he was constantly asking, would become of his idol if he himself should be taken? What could he do?

With the opening days of the following November Jerry occasioned a mild surprise by having the Aphrodite placed upon the gridiron, and her hull caulked below the waterline, and well pitched all over. To have attempted any more drastic treatment of her upper seams would probably have produced disaster; they had been too much scorched and drawn by the sun to stand anything beyond a little tinkering.

From the grid the Aphrodite went back to her old lay-by and was once more securely moored with her nose pointing towards the surging waters of the Firth; and Jerry whiled his idle hours away in whistling for a breeze from the land—something with just a touch of east in it.

It was a long time in coming, but with the advent of December the wind suddenly swept round and the master mariner laid a little note upon his sitting room table, so that, should his venture cost him his life, there should be no mystery about his end, no taint left clinging to his name, and went aboard the brig.

This was early in the afternoon, and it was not until long past midnight, when the tide had turned and all suggestion of life had vanished from the quays, that he stealthily climbed the foremast shrouds. Then the cables were slipped, and as the Aphrodite, at liberty once more, bobbed and curtsied to the breeze, he sprang to the tiller and jammed it hard down, finding, to his delight, that the vessel answered her helm as readily as in her days of active service.

Once more he was upon the sea, the sea that he loved as a good man loves his home, the sea that might even yet be his winding-sheet; and though his ship was no better than a derelict, and he stood alone upon her deck, his back stiffened out, his chest expanded, the old fire flashed in his eyes, and he was no longer old Jerry, the cast-off skipper, but Captain Jerry, master mariner.

More than once during the next day he decided that the moment for his final stroke had arrived, but the spirit of the sea was calling him, the witchery of the waters held him in thrall, and he tightened his grip upon the tiller and kept his ship steadily on his course.

"Just for a laal bit longer," he muttered; "a laal bit longer; it's for the last time!"

Soon after the sun had dipped beneath the horizon, the wind began to come in sharp, snarling puffs; into the voice of the sea there entered a new and angrier note, and the ship rose and fell with quicker stride. Then Jerry's hesitation vanished, and after an anxious glance to windward he disappeared down the cuddy.

For long the Aphrodite bored her way through the hissing waters, with no hand to guide her, no eye to see for her; and when Jerry returned to her deck, night had spread her pall over sea and land. Jerry's face was very white now, his features more tightly drawn; in one hand he grasped a gleaming tool, and away deep beneath the vessel's waterline there were two gaping wounds, through which the sea steadily spouted.

"Thank God it's over!" he muttered, wiping the clammy moisture from his brow. "It's been like murder! Now I'll stay as long as I dare, an' then be off."

Inch by inch the water rose in the Aphrodite's hold, inch by inch mounted her hull, and with strident cry the wind tore through her cordage, and far astern and in front, away to port and to starboard, the myriad voices of the sea mingled in their everlasting anthem.

Lower and still lower, until her decks were almost awash, and then Jerry roused himself to action. Releasing the tiller, he seized the tow-line looped over the stern, pulled his dinghy under the counter, and with a choking cry of "Guid-by, old ship, guid-by!" he cast himself over the side and pushed off. A cable's length, and then he drew his oars across the thwarts and with throbbing heart and burning eyes watched the working of the last scene. He had not long to wait.

Suddenly the light dipped and rose, and dipped again; the masts quivered convulsively; then a maddened whirl of waters, and both light and spars plunged from sight.

Stolidly, dumbly the spell of a fearful fascination gripping him, Jerry stepped his tiny mast and hoisted his sail, and, like some frightened thing, the frail craft darted from the spot. But even now the storm winds had broken from their leash and were in hot pursuit, and fast though the little boat fled through the night they traveled faster still, and ere the dawning they had swept through the cleft, where the currents ever clash in watery warfare, and pounced upon their prey.

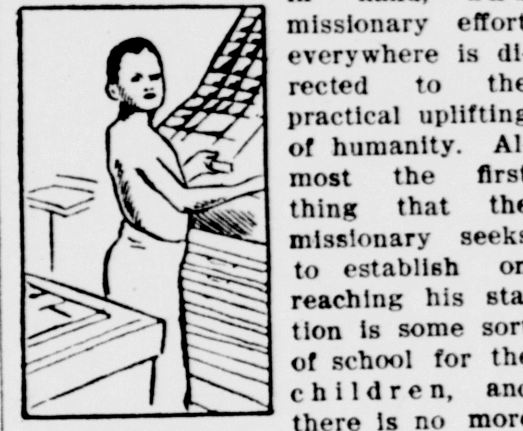
Ere daybreak the storm winds had winged their way to their secret lair; and when the sun shot up in lurid magnificence from the back of the exant crags, and threw an inquiring glance upon the waiting world, there was little of tragedy in the things upon which he looked. Only a fringe of spindrift white along the line of the rock-strewn coast; only a restless, terrified heaving of the sea; only a mastless bark on Seaton Point, and a hulk on Sillioth Sands; only a little boat, with keel that pointed to the sky.



TEACH THEM TRADES.

Native African Boys Given Practical Instruction by Missionary.

The Gospel and educational and industrial advancement go hand in hand, and missionary effort everywhere is directed to the practical uplifting of humanity.



LEARNING A TRADE.

of missionary work than that which is done among the boys and girls. Rev. Herbert C. Whitney, in charge of the Methodist Episcopal mission station in the Angola highlands, Portuguese West Africa, writes of this branch of his work to the Christian Herald of his work to the Christian Herald as follows:

"Our work has developed an industrial school of boys, bound of their own free will to the mission by written contract for a term of years, to work for just their food and clothes, go to school and learn a trade, and later be furnished with such tools as they should need to follow the trade they had learned. Work of this kind commands a respect from the natives that teaching and preaching alone would not do; and the confidence that is shown when boys or their parents come, as they now do, and beg for entry into such a department, has been won only after a long period of suspicion, aloofness, and even reproach."

Full-Page Missionary Advertisement.

A very extraordinary measure for the stimulation of missionary interest locally has been undertaken by a small group of Christian men at Danville, Ill., who have organized themselves into a committee which hides their personal identity under the title "Friends of Missions." This committee purchased a full page of advertising space in the Danville Daily Democrat, whereon they printed in large type the whole of Dr. Samuel B. Capen's "Twentieth Century Call to Men," in which the character of the lately organized laymen's missionary movement is carefully described. A strong letter from the committee, printed in the same issue, further enforced the call. Not content with this publicity, the committee mailed marked copies of the paper to a specially selected list of well-to-do church members in both town and country through all the surrounding region. And to this they added a series of excellently worded and keen-pointed "follow-up" letters. As a piece of aggressive missionary campaigning this endeavor is worthy not only commendation but emulation.

Harmonious Consolidation Effected.

The consolidation of the two branches of the Young Women's Christian association so long separated in this country has been at length perfected, and ideally harmonious relations are established. Miss Grace H. Dodge, who at the request of both negotiating committees presided as impartial arbitrator during the period of working out the plans for union, has now been elected permanent president of the executive committee of the united associations. The committee has its headquarters at New York, occupying a suite at the Montclair, home of Dr. White's Bible Teachers' Training school. There are 20 members of the committee resident in New York—ten in other cities. The organ of the movement will be a tasteful and sprightly magazine whose first number has just appeared—The Association Monthly.

Pithy Sayings of Woman Preacher.

Some pithy sayings of Mrs. Sophie, a woman evangelist, now laboring among the miners of Wilkesbarre, Pa., have reached us. Here are a few: "The Lord don't cast your sins behind your back one day, and the next day cast them up to the front of your face, like some human beings." "The serpent is pretty wise. He fooled old Eve, and there are lots of Eves and Adams in the world since." "When I was converted I know I was there; that's the most important part." "Religion is a thing of the head, and salvation's a thing of the heart."

Rev. Dr. J. Q. A. Henry Back.

After more than five years of temperance and evangelistic work in Great Britain, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry has returned to this country to do evangelistic service. He is accompanied by his sister, Mr. J. R. Hemminger. During Dr. Henry's stay in Great Britain he has conducted 150 missions in practically all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom, has addressed more than 3,000,000 people, and taken 135,000 total abstinence pledges. Nearly 30,000 people made an open confession of faith in Christ as Saviour.

GATEWAY OF ANCIENT CHINA.

Old Mud Fort With Heaps of Small Stones for Use of Defenders.

Chia-yu-Kuan has for centuries been the spot where merchants, as well as embassies from the West, have been forced to await the permission of the mighty emperors of Cathay before entering China. As such, and from its remote situation—remote, that is, so far as Europeans are concerned—this frontier post has long enjoyed a halo of romance in Chinese eyes. In reality it is a mud brick fort, far inferior to such places as are to be seen at Lahore and other Indian cantonments long ago given up, except as mere quarters.

The walls at Chia-yu-Kuan enclose an area some 120 to 150 yards square. On the north and south sides these are double the outer, being 20 feet high and four to six feet thick. East and west there are double gates of solid aspect, and the inner wall is 35 to 40 feet high all around. From outside the fort has, to the Oriental eye, an imposing appearance, which the inside does its best to atone for. Here is to be seen a collection of dirty mud hovels, with one official residence of the poorest kind. Along the wall runs a narrow parapet, some four feet from the summit, but, owing to its height, unapproachable from below, except in two or three places.

From the point of view of modern defense the whole position is pitiable. Guns there are none, the garrison consists of a half score withered old men of the usual Chinese type and these are the proud possessors of wooden jingalls. Having said so much it might seem that the worst has been told, but this is not so. With no intention to hurt the feelings of the trusty garrison to whose charge is committed the most advanced outpost their mighty empire possesses it must be added that piles of small stones are heaped at intervals along the parapet wall. With these it may be presumed that the defenders will be called upon some day to meet a foe advancing from the northwest.

The G. P.'s.

A physician's wife was complaining of the annoyances she suffers in the interests of her young husband's practice.

"When I married the doctor," she said, "his abbreviation of g. p. amused me, but in two cases at least I soon found that it meant more than a grateful patient. One woman whom he asked me to be nice to because she was a g. p. has borrowed my clothes more or less for four years; the other has a little girl born just a day later than our Marjorie, and she uses the coincidence as a reason for borrowing all poor Marjorie's things. I've been asked to lend the child's clothes, her playthings, her perambulator, and even the services of the nurse. Now both these women are popular in different little cliques and have brought the doctor a patient or two. So if I were to speak my mind out it would mean perhaps a loss. They know they have me at their mercy, so until our practice is very much larger I must grin and bear it. My only consolation is in saying that g. p. means, in their case, graft patient."

Spitzbergen.

For the first time I learned, from an eyewitness, something about Spitzbergen, that desert Arctic island, 500 miles north of the North Cape of Norway and within 700 miles of the north pole; a frost-desolated land, where the grass grows longer than the trees, and huge glaciers in the ice-bridged valleys amid the jagged mountains move majestically down into the sea, until mighty icebergs, a monstrous birth, break off and rise to the surface amid thunderous roar—as once the only sound that broke the profound silence of those awful solitudes.

Spitzbergen is the only spot of earth that is positively known as No Man's Land; it is the possession of no country, and has nothing even resembling a specified government. The island seems likely to remain No Man's Land, though it is said that an effort has been made by Norway to establish some sort of protectorate over it.—National Magazine.

An Urban Cinderella.

The teacher had been reading a story of Cinderella to her class of youngsters and was now going over the story again with them to fix it in their minds. Among other questions which she asked them was why it was necessary for Cinderella to leave every night early enough to be home by 12 o'clock.

From various members of the class she elicited most of the reasons which are implied in the story until finally, all remained silent.

"Isn't there any other reason?" she asked. "Can't any of you think of another?"

Up shot Larry's soiled chubby paw, in frantic eagerness to indicate his knowledge.

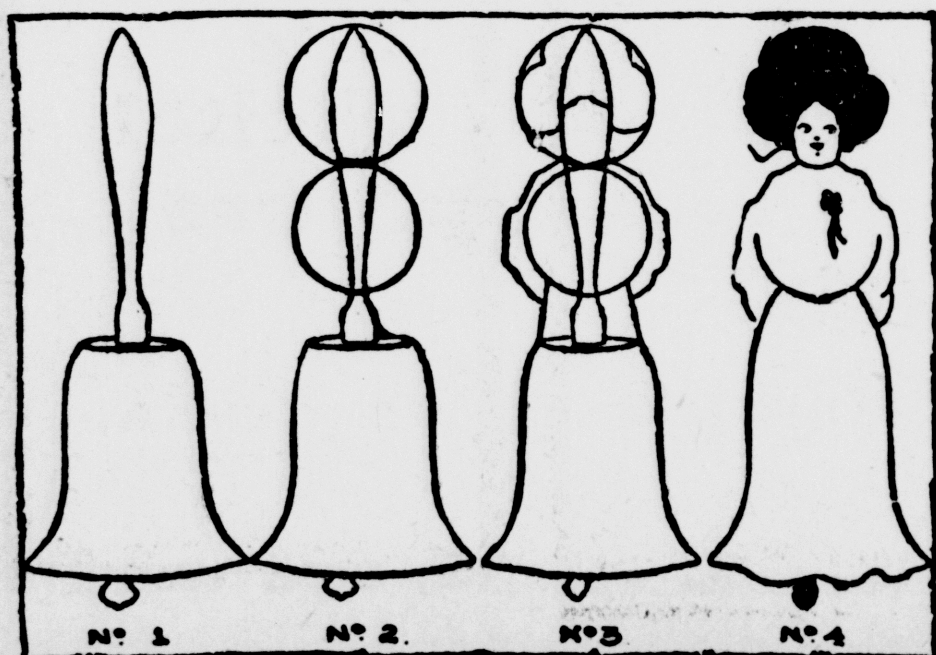
"That's good, Larry. What is the reason?"

"She had to catch the last car," piped Larry.—Montreal Herald.

Go Slow Young Men.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, advises students against deciding upon a vocation too soon. According to Dr. Butler, a man should not go to college with any settled convictions as to what he is to do. Dr. Butler holds that college is the place to make such a decision. The opportunities there are so many and varied that, according to the president, every man ought to find something to suit him. He implies that by the end of his senior year a man ought to have acquired enough knowledge to enable him to determine his right vocation.

EVOLUTION OF A BELL.



It's Every Fellow's Duty to Vote To-morrow; The City's Estimated Population Will Depend Upon It.

Coffman & Owen
HARDWARE and TINNERS
PHONE NO. 279

THE EVENING NEWS.

M. LEVIN
NEW and SECOND HAND
FURNITURE

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 4

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1907

NUMBER 9

We are showing a
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at from
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and guarantee satisfaction with every suit. Come in and let us fit you.

We are agents for *Hawes Celebrated Hats*

COX--GREER--M'DONALD CO.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ADA AND AT OUR CHURCHES

It was a cold Easter Sunday this year, coming as it did at an unusually early date. Easter hats and bonnets, frocks and gowns, not to be outdone by the chilly weather, were in evidence in profusion, and many beautiful creations were noticed.

Appropriate services were held at the Ada churches. At the First Methodist church the Ada Commandery, Knights Templar, attended the services in a body and in uniform. An Easter sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Rippey.

At the Cumberland Presbyterian church the Easter service was held at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and was constituted of a program of song, recitation, etc., by the members of Magnolia Young People's Society. Appropriate talks were made by the three pastors of the city.

At the first Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. C. E. Robertson, delivered a special Easter sermon in the morning. There were several special pieces of music by the choir.

The services at the Christian church last night were under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Missions, Easter being the day set aside by the international society as rally day for all local societies. A paper on the history of the local society was read by Mrs. J. A. Biles, and Rev. Kirtley made a very appropriate talk for the occasion. A

number of new members were taken into the society.

At the Baptist church, where revival meetings are in progress, held by the pastor, Rev. T. B. Harrell, and his singer, no special Easter services were held. However, the church was tastefully decorated and increased interest was manifested in the meetings, many people being turned away from both morning and evening services on account of the large number in attendance.

Report Few Left.

M. L. Walsh, U. G. Winn, L. M. King, Ben Mason, Joe Lawrence and their negro cook returned Sunday night from a week's fishing trip over in the Choctaw nation, about 150 miles east of here. They report a fine catch of bass, and say that there are few fish left there now, but let's hope that it's not quite that bad.

Furner's Itinerary.

The following is Judge Henry M. Furner's speaking itinerary for this week in Oklahoma, which he will follow in furtherance of his candidacy for the U. S. senate:

Monday, Grand; Tuesday, Cheyenne; Wednesday, Sayre; Thursday, Weatherford; Friday, Clinton; Saturday, Cordell.

NEGRO FIEND SWUNG INTO ETERNITY BY MOB

Durant, I. T. April 1.—Just as a crowded excursion train from Denison to South McAlester reached the depot at Sterrett it ran into a desperate struggle between United States officers and a great mob of infuriated people for possession of a negro accused of criminal assault upon Miss Maud Minsner, near Red river bridge last Saturday. Into the melee the passengers were thrust, and many were in time to see the officers overpowered after the depot doors had been battered down and the negro dragged with a rope about his neck to an old derrick 300 yards away and lynched.

The officers had been waiting at the depot with the prisoner, intending to take the excursion train to Durant.

The negro was captured Sunday afternoon near Colbert by a posse of citizens and turned over to the United States officers, who had been notified at Denison of the crime and had come to Colbert to assist in the search.

Some of the Colbert people were in favor of hanging the negro there, but were prevailed upon to let the law take its course.

The officers started to drive overland to Durant and had been assured by the city marshal of Sterrett, or Cale, as it is also called, they say, that there would be no trouble if they drove through that town.

They had no conversation with the negro other than to secure his name.

At Cale the officers concluded it would be safer to wait for the excursion train bringing a baseball crowd from Denison, conveying the negro to Durant by rail.

At the depot, however, a mob of several hundred persons met them, and the officers retreated into the depot, where they repulsed the crowd.

The train pulled into the depot and the officers attempted to fight their way through the crowd with the negro, but outside were again attacked and were compelled to retreat into the depot again.

The crowd attacked the door and battering it in overpowered the officers, took their weapons away from them and took possession of the negro. No shots were fired during the melee.

A rope was tied about the negro's neck and he was dragged off to an old oil well derrick, 300 yards from the depot, the officers protesting.

The negro was severely beaten on the way and several attempts were made to stab him. He was placed on a platform, the rope was thrown over a beam and he was strung quickly up without having been given a chance to make a statement.

As the writhing body swung in the air possibly seventy-five shots were fired, but only one bullet struck the body. As the body was swinging up someone slashed the negro's throat.

When the crowd had to an extent dispersed the body was cut down, but not until the members of the mob had almost stripped it nude in search of souvenirs.

Sterrett, I. T., April 1.—Jim Williams, a negro, stranger to even the negro community at Colbert, accused of having criminally assaulted Miss Maud Minsner at her home north of Red river bridge on Saturday and fully identified by the young lady, was hanged by a mob of possibly 500 people here Sunday afternoon about 7:30 o'clock.

Poses from all over the country had been scouring the woods for the negro since the crime, and about 8:30 o'clock he was found by one of the posers in the tangled brush within a mile of Colbert. A Colbert negro was with him at the time, and was in the act of urging him to go in and surrender to the officers. As the crowd approached the accused negro ran and was followed through the brush by the posse, the Colbert negro in the lead. This negro caught the fleeing man, and held him, fighting and struggling until the posse arrived.

The negro was taken, heavily guarded to Colbert and turned over to the officers. The officers placed him in a room with four other negroes, and on the table laid a collection of pistols, including the one taken from the prisoner.

Into this room Miss Minsner was conducted, accompanied by her mother. She pointed out the negro under arrest as her assailant and from the collection of weapons selected the one taken from the prisoner as the pistol he had taken from her at the time of the crime. The identification of both negro and pistol was without hesitation.

Remember, voters, in the election tomorrow you will have to mark your ballots the old Arkansas way—mark out the name if any, you do not wish to vote for. This dropping back from the Australian system used in the primary is necessary because the courts have decided the Arkansas election law must control this time.

Commissioner's Court.

Today is the regular monthly meeting of the commissioner's court in Ada. There were nothing but civil cases on the docket, a number of which have been disposed of, settled out of court, continued, etc.

Harry Chapple and family, of Mitchell, Ind., departed yesterday for home after a pleasant month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Rodonah. Mr. Chapple is one of Mitchell's leading merchants. So favorably is he impressed with our town and its prospects that he thinks of returning hither next fall to locate.

TOM DAVIS, A CATTLE- MAN, TAKES HIS OWN LIFE

The people of Ada were profoundly shocked early Sunday morning by the startling news that Tom E. Davis, the well known cowman, had committed suicide.

The horrible fact developed that about 5:30 a. m., as he lay in bed, Mr. Davis reached for his foreman's revolver and resting his head upon his left hand fired the weapon into his right temple, tearing a fearful wound in his head. Death must have been instantaneous.

On the north side of town Mr. Davis has been feeding several hundred steers, and the cowmen occupy the office building of the Blue gin for sleeping quarters. Therein Saturday night he and his foreman, Joe Fry, slept. Fry states he arose early to go look after the cattle, leaving his employer in bed; that when he returned he found Mr. Davis lying dead as above described.

After officers were notified and they had viewed the body, convincing themselves it was a suicidal death, the body was removed to an undertaking establishment to prepare it for shipment to Texas. His brother, Mat, who lives in Denton county, Texas, was promptly notified. The brother arrived in the afternoon and accompanied the remains to Frisco, Texas, for interment.

It is a gruesome coincidence that Mr. Davis died in the same bed where only a few weeks ago the dead body of Johnie Townsend was found on a Sunday morning.

Indeed Saturday night has become a date to be regarded with dread in this community. For several weeks each Saturday night has registered its tragedy in this section, as instance the Townsend semi-tragic death, the Ahlso killing, the assassination of Dr. Davenport, the killing of Will Hayes by a train, and lastly the Davis suicide.

Tom E. Davis was about 38 years old, had for years been a prominent cattle man in this country, and belonged to one of the old leading families of north Texas. He leaves a wife and a little son and daughter who, of late, have been residing at San Antonio, Texas. Also there remain of the family, his mother and three brothers, Frank, Mat and Jean, who live at Rector, Texas. The father, who died over a year ago, was a prominent cattle man of Texas and left an estate estimated at \$500,000.

Friends of Tom Davis are baffled in the effort to assign a motive for the rash deed. There were at first rumors of losses on cattle and financial embarrassment, but those informed about

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If you want some furniture on a credit come to see us and get what you want. Our easy payment plan will enable you to pay for it without missing the money. We will take small payments and fix them to suit your pay day. What we desire is for you to bring us your wants that we may fill them for you. Let us talk it over together anyway.

Our Undertaking Department...

is complete. We are prepared to sell you a Casket or Coffin and to furnish you a hearse, a licensed embalmer, and a Funeral Director, who will take charge if desired without extra charge.

Also remember that we buy and sell Second Hand Furniture.

Come to us for Jap-a-lac.

W. C. DUNCAN

Phone No. 108.

FURNITURE AND COFFINS

Something Needed Portland Park Addition

Lots near the big Cement Plant to accommodate the hundreds of laborers to be employed in this great industry. This need has been met by laying out the Portland Park Addition just west of the cement plant. Lots are 30 feet by 140, with 60-foot streets and 20-foot alleys. Prices of lots are from \$20 to \$30. Terms, \$5 down and \$2 per month. A large reservoir is to be built on the north side by the cement company which will afford boating and fishing.

The Title is Perfect and the Location Sightly and Healthful.

Get on Easy Street by Buying Lots in Portland Park.

Homes in the Reach of All in Portland Park Addition.

Plant your Money in Portland Park and let it Grow.

Real Estate is the foundation of wealth—it's safe and sure. Get in on the ground floor at Portland Park

Only room for 80 families in Portland Park while hundreds will be needed. This is the only land that will be available for years.

Have you seen Ada lots advance one hundred and even one thousand per cent, while you waited to see what the town would do? Take a tumble to yourself and buy lots in Portland Park. These lots are being sold at half their real value and on terms within the reach of all.

Ada Title and Trust Co.

CAPITOL
HILL
LOTS
ON
EASY
PAYMENT
PLAN

Capitol Hill

Acres are fast being taken by successful business and professional men. Everybody drives through CAPITOL HILL ADDITION.

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Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor
R. O. BROWN, Business Manager

Entered as second-class mail matter March 29, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN
M. L. TURNER
ROY HOFFMAN

For Congress
CHARLEY D. CARTER
D. H. LINEBAUGH
F. W. SKILLERN
E. HILL
CHAS. E. McPHERREN
R. SARLLS

For State Senator
REUBEN M. RODDIE
OTIS B. WEAVER

For State Representative
RANDOLPH LAURENCE

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENESEE

For District Judge
A. T. WEST

For Circuit Judge
EUGENE E. WHITE

For Clerk of Supreme Court
E. C. PATTON

For County Judge
J. P. WOOD
A. M. CROXTON
JOEL TERRELL

For County Attorney
ROBT WIMBISH
B. C. KING

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER;
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEM) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. E. (ED) FUSSELL

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
H. WOODARD
M. F. DEW.

For District Clerk
W. T. COX
W. D. LOWDEN.

For County Treasurer
J. C. CATES
C. K. DAVENPORT
J. K. SCROGGIN

For Register of Deeds
A. C. BRAY
GARY KITCHENS
C. C. HARGIS
A. L. MILES.

For County Surveyor

For Supt. of Public Instruction
BASCOM T. LAWSON

For County Commissioner
R. L. (BOB) WALKER
JOHN B. STEWART
JOHN D. RINARD

or Justice of the Peace, Ada Precinct
W. H. NETTLES
H. J. BROWN

For Constable Ada Precinct
CHARLES A. THOMAS
SID RIEDEL

GOOD GAS WITHIN 30 MILES.

At a depth of 1,480 feet a flow of gas estimated at 5,000,000 feet has been struck near Wewoka. There is also considerable oil and the developers will drill still deeper in search of oil. This strike is only thirty miles from Ada. That fact should encourage development of the local field. Ours is not such a "wildcat" territory after all. A local real estate man has made careful map measurements based on the well known fact that oil and gas fields are found on this continent in chains running in a southwesterly direction, each field being at an angle of 45 degrees from the one next north. He finds the 45 degree line running from the Glenn oil pool passes only a few miles of Ada, between here and Center.

Vote it straight tomorrow—that's the Democrat.

GOVERNOR FRANK FRANTZ has formally announced his candidacy for governor of Greater Oklahoma subject to the action of the Republican party. This means he will get the nomination without a struggle, but will be slaughtered in the struggle to follow.

No CASUALTIES are reported resulting from the Easter millinery crush.

The MYSTERY of CARNEYCROFT

by JOSEPH BROWN COOKE COPYRIGHT 1907 BY STORY-PRESS CORPORATION

CHAPTER IV. Little Bobbs.

I followed him as rapidly as possible, hoping to overtake him and, at least, persuade him to return to my office until his excitement had cooled somewhat, but I reached the street only in time to see him turn the corner and mingle with the bustling crowd.

At the same instant a little man, not over five feet in height, and dressed in coarse drab, Norfolk jacket and tightly fitting trousers, turned in hurriedly from the opposite direction and collided with me with some violence.

"Beg pardon, sir," he panted, recovering himself with an effort and pulling off his cap respectfully. "Beg pardon, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Ware's office, sir. Mr. Frederick Ware, sir. Is this the place, sir?" and he placed his hand on his chest and gasped noisily in his endeavor to catch his breath.

"Mr. Ware's office is upstairs," I replied. "And I am Mr. Ware. Who are you?"

"Thank ye, sir," he said gratefully, an expression of relief lighting up his face. "I'm Bobbs, sir. Little Bobbs, they calls me, sir." Still holding his cap in his hand he pulled his forelock and bowed with the grace of an east-side dancing master.

"Very well, Bobbs," I said, completely puzzled. "Now what do you want?"

"Why, I want Mr. Carney, of course, sir," he replied. "I'm his man, you know, sir, and he told me to meet him here in half an hour."

"So you are Mr. Carney's servant, eh?" I queried.

He nodded respectfully and touched his forelock again.

"Well," I continued, "Mr. Carney has gone and you won't be able to overtake him, so there is no use in your trying. Moreover, I want to see you myself in the office for a few minutes."

He followed me upstairs and sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, twirling his cap between his hands and twiddling his thumbs nervously. I watched him for a moment in silence and then, an idea striking me, I unlocked the small cupboard in my desk, took out a bottle and a glass and, placing them before him, said solicitously: "You are completely exhausted, Bobbs; better take a little of this."

His face was perfectly frank and honest as he said, politely, "Thank ye kindly, sir, but I never touch it. I'll be all right in a minute, sir."

I returned the bottle and glass to their places, fully satisfied with the result of my little experiment and convinced that the fellow had spoken the truth and could be relied upon in every way.

"How long have you been in Mr. Carney's employ?" I asked, as I turned the key in the lock.

"Three years come next autumn," he replied promptly.

"And did you never drink anything in your life, Bobbs?" I continued, for I was working out a definite line of questions.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, rather uncomfortably I thought. "I can't say as I've always been teetotal, sir, an' I used to take a drop now and then and again, sir. But since Mr. Carney got this way, sir, I gave it up entirely. I wouldn't do for me to be drinkin' now, you know, sir."

"No, it wouldn't," I said emphatically. "You are quite right, Bobbs, and you are a faithful fellow to give it up as you have."

"Thank ye, sir," said Bobbs. "How long has Mr. Carney been in this condition?" I asked.

Bobbs looked at me in an undecided fashion for a moment and then blurted out, "Why, I don't know, sir, as I ought to be talkin' of his affairs so much, sir. It don't seem to me as it's quite right, sir."

I appreciated the fellow's devotion and loyalty to his master's interests and hastened to reassure him.

"It's all right, Bobbs," I said. "You may talk to me perfectly freely for I understand everything. You know, Mr. Carney himself was here for some time this morning."

Bobbs looked relieved and proceeded without further diffidence.

"Why, I should say, sir, it's goin' on about two years now. Ye know, he had some trouble or other on his mind when he went away, sir, an' it seemed to prey on him more an' more all the time. After a while he began gettin' in with those people, which I suppose was a relief to him and kept his thoughts off the other thing. At first it was only occasionally when he got to feelin' specially downhearted, but it wasn't long before he was with 'em all the time, sir. I begged and begged him to keep away from 'em, for you know as well as I do, sir, that only one thing could come of it, but he wouldn't listen to me and things kept goin' from bad to worse."

"At the beginning he kept up his interest in the business pretty well, but finally he lost all track of that, and then it wasn't many months before he couldn't attend to it whether he wanted to or not. That was the time I quit drinkin', sir, for I saw that he needed every minute of my time, day and

night, or at least that he might need it. "His neglectin' the business as he did wasn't any harm, you know, sir, for it's so well managed that it could almost run itself, but I did wish that he had worked off his bad feelin' in the office, 'stead of the way he did. My heart aches for him all the time, sir," continued the faithful fellow, brushing away a tear with his knuckle, "but he got so obstinate that nobody could do a thing with him an', anyway, I could have managed him myself if anyone living could."

"You think there is no chance for him now, Bobbs?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not one in a million, sir," answered Bobbs, sadly. "He's too far gone now, sir. He was takin' the cure for a time an' we began to have some hopes of him, but it wasn't any use, an' the first thing we knew he was as bad as ever."

"I wonder he came back at all," I remarked. "I shouldn't have thought he would have felt inclined to."

"I didn't think he'd come, myself," said Bobbs, "but he insisted upon it, and, as I told you a minute ago, there's no changing him now when he once gets an idea in his head, so we packed up and came. He said he had some matters to attend to with you that he must see about at once, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "he arranged certain affairs with me this morning."

"Well," said Bobbs, "I'm glad that's done, for it will be a great load off his mind."

"Where do you suppose he has gone now?" I asked. "He left here very hurriedly and I wonder if he will get into trouble." My calmness of mind was due to the fact that, under the circumstances, I should not have cared if he had broken his neck.

"Oh! he'll get back to the hotel, sir," returned Bobbs confidently. "He told me to get the tickets for to-night and a few other things he needed and then meet him here, or at the hotel if he had left here. You know he is going home to-night, sir."

"Yes," I said, "but he tells me he does not expect to stay there long. Do you know what his plans are?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, sir," said Bobbs. "He never tells anyone what he is going to do, and he's in such a bad way now that I fancy he's as likely to go one way as another, sir. But I'll stick to him, sir; you may be sure of that. I must be going now for he may need me. You know, sir, he's not always as bad as you've seen him to-day. It's only at times, sir, that he gets like this."

"I should hope so," I returned. "And you think he will reach the hotel safely?"

No doubt about that, sir," said Bobbs. "If he has any trouble or should get—er—dizzy or anything, he'll take a cab, sir. The way he can keep his head is wonderful, sir."

He had risen to go as I asked my last question.

"Bobbs," I said, earnestly, "I want you to tell me something. What, in heaven's name, does Mr. Carney drink, to keep him in this condition?"

What does he drink, sir?" exclaimed Bobbs in a half frightened tone and viewing me with evident and sudden suspicion. "Why, I thought you knew, sir! I thought you knew!" and before I could stop him, he, like his master, had rushed out of the office into the street.

CHAPTER V. A Question of Guessing.

Some men are so stupid at times that one wonders how they got on in life at all, and after a few moments of ridiculously profound thought, I was quite ready to consign myself to this class. Here was a man, obviously a slave to a habit which was slowly but surely eating his very life away, who virtually admitted his shortcomings in the plainest of English, and yet who rushed from my presence in horror and disgust when I attempted to persuade him to leave intoxicants alone! Here was his servant, an honest, trustworthy fellow, who not only admitted his master's failings but gave many details of his unfortunate downfall, and yet who regarded me with suspicion and dread when I ventured to ask him a most natural question! And here was a fool of a lawyer who could not see through a millstone with a hole in it!

I reached for the telephone and called up MacArdel.

"Hello, Mac!" I said. "Busy to-night?"

"Nothing special," he replied, laconically. "What's up?"

"Dine with me at the club at seven, will you?" I asked. "I want you to tell me something."

"All right," said MacArdel. "Seven sharp, and I'll order the dinner. Good-by," and he hung up his receiver with a snap.

I did not resent MacArdel's abruptness, for I knew he had a room full of people waiting to see him and the fact that he was to order the dinner was enough to make a man forgive anything short of an unpardonable sin.

MacArdel was late, of course. He was born half an hour after he was expected and his time-table through life has always been that much behind to a second; so I called for the things and made the cocktails myself,

can, but I can construct a cocktail that would make the nectar of the gods taste like Bloomsbury coffee. The dinner was as good as the cocktail and we went to the roof for our coffee and cigars.

MacArdel tipped back in his chair and rested his heels on the broad coping, for we were sitting in a secluded corner, back of a pillar, and the only light we had came from the restless city far below us, sparkling and glittering like the reflection of a September sky at midnight. An occasional glimmer of moonlight broke through the fleecy, scudding clouds, so that, from time to time, we caught glimpses of each other as we lazily puffed our cigars. The silence was emphasized by the disjointed murmur of voices about us, and the never-ending distant rumble in the streets beneath.

It was a dreary night and a dreary place and I dreaded to bring up the disagreeable topic that we had met to discuss. So we sipped our coffee and smoked out our cigars almost oblivious of each other's presence. But when the fresh cigars were lighted, MacArdel yawned impolitely, as was his habit when we were alone, and said briefly: "Well, what is it?"

I told him of my experiences in the morning, taking care not to omit a single detail of what I had observed in my interview with either Carney or Bobbs. When I had finished he remarked, with equal brevity: "Well, what of it?"

That's the way with MacArdel! He can be, and usually is, the most exasperating fellow that ever lived.

"What of it?" I exclaimed. "There's a deuced lot of it, I tell you! I want to find out what this fellow is doing and get him to leave it alone. If you had ever seen his sister and could understand, as I do, the desolateness of her position, you'd be as anxious as I am to reform him."

"Woman in the case, of course," murmured MacArdel softly, taking a deep puff of smoke which he held in his mouth for a moment and then blew out slowly in a long thin cloud.

This is one of the most insulting things that a man can do, and MacArdel knows it perfectly well. I was inclined to knock him down, but I think too much of him for that, so I merely said:

"No, Mac, don't be a fool, but try to listen to reason, if you can!"

"Impossible when you're talking," he observed softly.

I ignored this and continued: "My only interest in Miss Carney is that of a lawyer to client and I'm not in love with her or thinking of marrying her. In the first place, I've only seen her once or twice in my life, and in the next, the difference in our financial positions, to speak of nothing else, is quite enough to put out of the question any such idea on my part."

"Cut-look-king," said MacArdel, between puffs.

"I suppose you mean by that to infer that a dog may look at a queen!" I replied testily, "but I tell you, man, it's all nonsense—utter nonsense!"

"Looks bad, though!" said MacArdel, "specially when a fellow compares himself to a dog, and the lady to a queen," and he touched the bell on the little table between us.

"What's that for?" I asked. "I've got plenty of cigars here in my pocket."

"Yellow chateause," he replied. "I think you need it."

"Now, seriously, Mac!" I resumed. "What do you think of this man Carney's virtual denial of any excesses?"

"Lie," said MacArdel.

"Well," I went on, "what do you think of the servant's behavior in practically admitting the whole business and then turning about as he did at the last moment?"

"Neither lie," he replied.

Then you think they are a pair of precious scoundrels?" I asked.

"No; damned scoundrels," he said slowly. "I think they are unless the matter can be explained in another way. But I'm not at all sure of it. That's merely the way things look now."

"Mac," I said, "you don't know as much as I do."

"That," he replied, "is the most unkind thing you ever said to me. I know things, my boy, that your philosophy never dreamed of. I have been trying to think, while you have been talking, and, in spite of you, I have thought to some purpose."

"In the first place, as I said a minute ago, I think the man is an ordinary drunkard and that this servant

—Continued on page 8—

A PACKAGE OF PLEASURE.

OUR "Pontotoc" pleases all classes of men, UNEQUALED in merit, it's called for again, RETAILS for 5 cents—good value for ten. PONTOTOC is a package of pleasure, select, F Cuban stock filling, of flavor correct, EAT in the wrapping, made with best skill, HIS is a smoke that just fills the bill. N the start and the middle, beginning and end, HIS is a cigar on which to depend. OVER the country, North, South, East and West, CONSUMERS agree it is one of the best.

GWIN, MAYS & CO. Distributors, Ada.

The Evening News delivered by carrier 10c a week

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the controller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$83,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

We have sold all our brick on hand but if you or your friends are going to build, you run no risk in placing your order with us. We make brick now at the rate of 20,000 per day, and we are preparing to make anything you want in the line of burnt clay ware. Our circular letter to users of building material in clay ware will be ready in a few days. Write for it.

ADA PRESSED BRICK & TILE CO.

(AN OLD AND ESTABLISHED HOUSE)

ARMSTRONG, BYRD & CO OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Have been established in the PIANO and ORGAN business in Oklahoma and Indian Territories for ten years. They are the largest music house in the Southwest, and carry a magnificent line of thirty-two of the best known and most reliable makes of Pianos. They sell from \$50.00 to \$75.00 cheaper than any other firm sell Pianos of the same grade and quality.

IF IN THE MARKET FOR A PIANO FIGURE WITH THEM

Buy a home IN THE BEAUTIFUL Sunrise ADDITION

This addition is the choicest residence district in Ada, and no other location offers the advantages of SUNRISE. Just the right distance from the business district—the place to build a substantial home on a small investment. Values are steadily advancing. You must see this beautiful addition before you decide on a location, and we will be glad to show you these lots at any time. Come in and talk it over, before values advance.

O. B. WEAVER AGENCY

12th and Broadway. R. O. WHEELER, Manager.

Put Your Loose Dollars on Deposit

Open an account with us—deposit all the cash you don't actually need and you will be surprised how your account will grow.

IST NAT'L BANK

LOCAL NEWS

CLEAN OLD RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Attend the Baptist revival
E L Steed attended to business at Tupelo today.

FOR SALE—A good fresh milk cow M. B. Donaghey 7-2td
E L Thompson, of Jesse, is a new subscriber to The News

When you want a nice fat chicken phone Judge Hilton chicken specialist 7tf

Earnest Pritchlyme, of the Harris hotel, was at Atoka over Sunday

Have you tried our leader cigar "Pontotoc"? It's the real smoke!—Gwin, Mays & Co 6tf

Contractor Lumsden, who is building the city's dam, was in Shawnee over night

The best smoke in town, "Pontotoc," our new cigar Try it!—Gwin, Mays & Co 6tf

J O Mattison, of Oklahoma City state agent for the New York Mutual Insurance Co., is in Ada today

Purity and excellence—that's Loose-Wiles chocolates and bon bons at Mason's 7tf

The clock ticks and ticks the time away, Shortening up our lives each day, Eat, drink and be merry, For some day you will be where, You can't get Rocky Mountain Tea Free samples at G M Ramsey's 9

FOR RENT—3-room house O B Weaver

W H Keller, foreman of the gang at work on the new dam spent Sunday with his family at Dallas. He returned to Ada this morning

Goody Goody, Goody—That's what you say Loose-Wiles chocolates and bon bons at Mason's 7tf

Oscar Ferris was here from Cohtle over Sunday

Mr and Mrs O F Lancaster returned Sunday evening from a pleasant trip through Old Mexico. They also visited at several Texas points and report a most pleasant trip

Gwin Mays & Co are receiving much praise for their leading cigar "Pontotoc" It's the best smoke in Ada—Gwin Mays & Co 6tf

Dr B H Erb Sundayed at Madill
Mrs S M Torbett went to Ardmore Monday morning for a week's visit with her parents

Four room house on East Twelfth street, furnished neat and complete for rent at a reasonable price from May to September Apply to S J Armstrong 9-tdf

A Summers postmaster and general merchant of Maxwell, was in the city today and made the News office a pleasant call

It's virtues have been established for many years and thousands of people have been made happy by taking Holster's Rocky Mountain Tea 35 cents, Tea or Tablets G M Ramsey, 9

CLEAN OLD RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Mrs. Jas. Earnest has been quite sick the past few days.

Dr. Runyan has moved into his new residence on South Rennie.

Robt. Wimbish and Joel Terrell were telling the voters at Stonewall about it today.

Rev. M. A. Cassidy went to Stonewall this morning where he is conducting a revival meeting.

He's done it again—T. J. Chambliss has bought another stock of goods at Catoosa, which means more bargains for Ada's buying public. 9-1t

Hon. Boone Williams of Lehigh, president of the Lehigh National Bank, was in Ada Sunday afternoon and Monday morning looking after the business affairs of the late Tom Davis. Mr. Williams represented the Lehigh district in the constitutional convention, and acquitted himself very creditably

Attorney H A Kroeger of Francis had business in Ada this morning

Mrs. Jessie Marsh, of Mill Creek, who visited in Ada Sunday, returned to her home this morning.

Attorneys Thos P Holt, B H. Eperson and James Webb are in Francis today on legal business. Their stenographer, Miss Nelson, accompanied them.

Harry Parks, of ice cream fame, has been suffering the past few days with neuralgia. At this writing he no better

A bountiful dinner was served at the good home of Mrs. S. J. Martin Sunday. The guests were Mesdames Perkins, Willis and Berry and Messrs. Perkins, Berry and Otis and Carlton Weaver

T J Chambliss spent most of last week at Catoosa, I. T., where he bid in and bought a clean stock of merchandise amounting to \$32,000 at 40c on the dollar. This stock is the cleanest and most up-to-date of the many stocks he has examined within the past two weeks and is an exceptionally good buy at the price 9-1t

Mrs S J Martin and Miss Molhe Jernigan are entertaining the Ladies Home Mission this afternoon

Word from John Cox, who has his leg amputated at a Sherman sanitarium last week, says that he is getting along nicely

Dr H Browall has been appointed local physician for the Oklahoma Central

Carl Robb the boy who was run over by a Frisco train some two weeks ago is getting along as well as could be expected, and is sitting up today

Lee Nettles had the misfortune Sunday night of the dislocation of the hip

The Catoosa stock of merchandise bought by T J Chambliss is one of the cleanest most desirable stocks to be had and considering the way cotton goods have advanced shows good judgment on Mr Chambliss part in hustling out and bidding in such stocks 9-1t

W R Brandon orders the News sent to his brother, R S Brandon Norman Tenn

Gymnastics alone can never give that elasticity ease and graceful figure which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea 35 cents Tea or Tablets G M Ramsey 9

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure F J CHENEY & Co, Toledo O

We, the undersigned, have known F J Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him

Walding Kinnan & Marvin Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Judges for Election.

Judge Dickerson has made an order appointing officers for next Tuesday's city election, which reads as follows:

In the United States Court, Southern District of the Indian Territory.

In the matter of the appointment of Judges of Election for the city of Ada in said District.

It is ordered that the following named said District and Territory be and they are hereby appointed Judges of an Election to be held in the said City of Ada, for city officers, on Tuesday the 2nd day of April, 1907, viz:

For ward No. 1.—I M King, W. H. Eby and C. M. Chauncy.

For ward No. 2.—J. F. McKeel, Z. T. Henderson, C. I. Patterson.

For ward No. 3.—J. R. Lawrence, H. A. Hodges, W. D. Lowden.

For ward No. 4.—A. Riddell, J. M. Brundage and R. O. Wheeler.

The said Judges will appoint two discreet persons from each ward to act as clerks of said election.

Done at Chambers in the City of Chickasha in said District and Territory this—day of March, 1907.

J. T. DICKERSON, Judge.

RHEUMATISM WILL GO.

Shake well in a bottle the following: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, and Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces. Take for each dose one teaspoonful after your meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of good water.

A well-known authority states that any good prescription pharmacy can supply the ingredients, which may be easily mixed at home.

This mixture will act directly upon the kidneys, removing obstructions that clog the process of eliminating waste matter and acids which produce Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary difficulties and other affections resulting from soured blood, which the kidneys failed to keep clean and pure

The worst forms of Rheumatism are said to be readily overcome without the slightest injury or ill feeling to the stomach or digestive organs.

MYSTERY OF CARNEYCROFT.

that so" and he blew out another of those insulting streams of smoke. I was forced to admit sheepishly that he was right, and my good opinion of myself faded away like the smoke of our cigars. Well," he continued, "the symptoms he presents could not be caused by opium, nor by cocaine nor by hashish. Whiskey is the most likely thing of all and you have nothing but a couple of vague expressions of astonishment from him and his servant to make you search for any other solution of the problem. There is however one other thing that might be at the bottom of it all, but he could not get it here, and it would be pretty hard for him to get it anywhere. Moreover I am not at all sure myself about it and would have to look it up before I would venture to say anything definite on the subject."

What is it?" I asked impatiently. Never mind what it is for the present he replied. If I am wrong in my surmise you can safely put it down to whisky and if I am right you are no better off though perhaps no worse. Now I am not going to say anything more about it tonight. But in the meantime what am I to do with him?" I persisted. I may see him again or be asked for advice concerning him at any time you know.

Leave him to Bobbs Ware leave him entirely to Bobbs and let him go his own way as he will said Mac Ardel earnestly. If it's whisky the sooner he drinks himself to death the better and if it's the only other thing it can be Bobbs is a veritable God send to him and to all of you too. Whatever you do leave him alone yourself for you can't do him any good and you may get into a lot of trouble if you bother with him. Let's go down and play a game of billiards."

—Continued tomorrow—

Mayor as Bell Ringer

The following story is told in Paris of a village priest and a mayor. In a village in the department of the Ain the cur was his own church warden or warden of money the church was founded and for many days the villagers found no Angelus when working in the fields at daybreak at noon, and in the evening. The mayor, a retired gendarme an ardent radical missed the cure and the chimera as much as any other villager, and when the cure had been gone a week he began to ring the bells. One night recently the village was roused by the notes of the Angelus. It was no call to mass still less a fire alarm, it was a mistake of the mayor. The moon, breaking through the clouds just before going down, had brought him from his bed thinking it was sunrise. And now he is awaiting a letter from the prefect reproaching him, and perhaps revoking him for having rung the church bells before sunrise

Poll Parrot as a Game Bird.

While the parrot is a bird of beautiful plumage as a table delicacy it is not recommended as I know from sad experience. My first essay at eating a parrot was attended with modified success. The bird must have been comparatively young, and after several hours boiling became soft enough to masticate and finally swallow, leaving behind it an impression that we had lunched on the sole of a rubber boot.—Field and Stream.

Old Furniture Made New With Jap-a-lac

We have it in all the colors. Price 15c per can and up. Ready for use—dries quickly. Anybody can apply it. We also carry a complete line of house and carriage paints, Collier's White Lead and Linseed oil, brushes, etc.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist
Successor to Clark Drug Co.

Warning Order.

In the United States court in the Indian Territory, Southern District. Citizen's National Bank, Ada, I. T., Plaintiff.

vs. R. J. Lewis, Defendant.

The defendant, R. J. Lewis, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Citizen's National Bank, Ada, I. T. Witness the Hon. J. T. Dickerson, judge of said court, and the seal thereof, this 29th day of March, 1907.

C. M. Campbell, Clerk.
By A. H. Constant, Deputy. Crawford & Bolen, attorneys. Attorney for non-resident. Tom D. McKeown

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

After March 1st the subscription price to the Oklahomaan will be 45c per month, by carrier or at the News stand. OKLAHOMAN.

Join the Procession.

Join the procession that comes to this store. We carry a full line of delicacies fresh fruits and vegetables. Good things to eat at a popular price. Eggs poultry and meat flour best brand. With food and stock food to suit the demand. In the line of good products this stock is complete. If you more, we want with good things to eat. Toothsome stuff whole some stuff fresh and O. K. in the middle make you feel happy and healthy. Now hello to all those any time in the day.

Judge Hilton

WANT A BATH?

Then get a good clean one, Hot or Cold, at High & Litzman's Barber Shop next door to English Kitchen

Five Pennies A Day

Pays for a telephone in your home. Can you afford to be without it? Order today. Call the Local Manager for a representative of the Contract Department

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C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown
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LAWYERS
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

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General Practice and Surgery. Special attention to diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses fitted with ophthalmoscope and trial lenses. X-Ray treatment and static electricity. Office in Duncan Block. Phone 161-240.

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DENTIST
Ada National Bank Building
Rooms P and O, Phone 89
Office Hours 8 to 12; 1 to 5:30

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
Is given up to be best Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in the Territory

THE ENGLISH SHIRT
KITCHEN MINDS ARE GOOD AND THEY DON'T MESS UP IF THE POSITION IS RIGHT. This will give a first class shirt. COLORED SHIRTS, A LOT OF THEM. COLORED SHIRTS, THAT ARE THE BEST. EXAMINE THE REST, AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED. WE HAVE A FIRST CLASS SHIRT.

Toothsome Things.

THE ENGLISH SHIRT. KITCHEN MINDS ARE GOOD AND THEY DON'T MESS UP IF THE POSITION IS RIGHT. This will give a first class shirt. COLORED SHIRTS, A LOT OF THEM. COLORED SHIRTS, THAT ARE THE BEST. EXAMINE THE REST, AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED. WE HAVE A FIRST CLASS SHIRT.

DECKERT & GOYENS,
PROPRIETORS ADA OKLA

The Crystal Ice Cream Factory

Ada, Indian Territory,
IS NOW READY FOR BUSINESS.
We guarantee our cream to be pure in every respect. Your order shall get prompt attention and be shipped by quickest route.

Just Received

A nice line of Loose-Wiles Chocolates and Bon Bons. Every package is boxed purity. Phone us your order and we guarantee satisfaction.

MASON DRUG CO.

The Progressive Pharmacists

Phone 44.

The Nickel Store

Why Pay More?

Why pay big profits when the Nickel Store is satisfied with small ones. This store made low prices possible in many lines. Hundreds of pleased customers have told their story of quality and price. One price to all, and that the lowest cash price. Quick sales and small profits.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Choice new crop 1907 seeds, the large full weight packages, 2 for 5c. We also sell everything in the line of bulk seeds at half the usual prices.

LAMPS

Usually merchants expect to make big profits on lamps. We like profits but we prefer small ones and lots of business. Size up our lamp bargains, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 65c.

Big Bargains in Hardware and Enamelware.

10 quart Enamel Buckets 75c values for 50c; 14 qt. Enamel Dish Pans for 50c; 7 qt Enamel Tea Kettles for 69c; 2 qt. Enamel Pudding Pan for 10c; 5 qt. Enamel Pudding Pan for 15c.

FILES. All first class hand saw files, 3, 4, 4 1/2, for 5c each.

Flat files. 6 inch 8c, 8 inch 10c, 10 inch 15c or 2 for 25c

Shoe Tacks 4 lb boxes

Brass Shoe Nails, 4c.

Hammers. First class steel nail hammers 49c; tack hammers 5c and 10c

Tacks Carpet tacks 500 count, 5c per box.

Bargains in Stoneware.

Milk Crock, 1 gal. size 6c, 2 gal size 12c Milk tall jars, 1 gal size 6c, 2 gal size 12c

FINE CHINAWARE.

Salad Dishes, usually sold at 50c, for 25c Bread dishes, non-utility nice lot, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Cups and Saucers gold decorated, semi porcelain, 60c a set Dinner Plates of same good, 60c a set.

Dishes, Bakers, Bowls, Platters, Pitchers, etc. We are selling this high-grade ware as cheap as the plain white is usually sold for.

All over the store you will find new goods, all at fair prices. Hundreds of real bargains. Clean cut snaps. We respectfully invite you to call, whether you wish to buy or not.

The Nickel Store

5c and 10c Store of Ada

S. M. SHAW,
Prop.

SNOW BRAND

Medium Priced Shoes for Men

\$3.50 to \$5.00

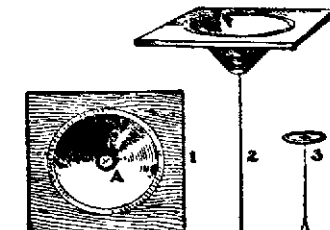
Our Snow \$5.00 guaranteed patent is the best shoe value ever offered for the money. Complete line of shoes, all styles and prices. Get our prices before you buy.

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

AN EASILY MADE TELEPHONE.

The materials you will require are two pine boards ten by 13 inches, and half an inch thick. Two fresh beef bladders, one box of four-ounce tacks, two large gutta serena overcoat buttons, some strips of thin leather one-quarter of an inch wide, and lastly some flexible wire. The best wire for the purpose is that used in book binding machines, but, if it cannot be obtained, any soft, flexible wire will do. Prepare the bladders first by blowing them up tightly, and leaving them so for a day or two until they are thoroughly stretched, but do not let them become dry and hard, says Good Literature. While the bladders are stretching you can obtain the other materials. To begin, take one of the boards, and having brought it to the required dimensions, draw a circle in its center eight inches in diameter, which you must saw out, taking care



Parts of the Telephone.

to keep on the line, for if the opening is not round or even, the instrument will not work satisfactorily. Next take one of the bladders, and after cutting the neck off cut away about one-third of it from end to end, then soak it in water, warm, but not too hot, until it becomes white and soft; after which stretch it loosely but evenly over the opening, letting the inside of the bladder be on top, and tack temporarily all around one inch from the edge of the opening. Now test it by pushing the center with your finger. If it stretches smoothly and without wrinkles, it will do; but if it does not, you must change its position until it does so. Next take a strip of leather and tack completely around the edge of the opening, putting the tacks closely together, and taking care to keep the bladder stretched evenly while doing so. When you have it tacked properly, take your knife and cut away that part of the bladder on the outside strip (Fig. 1).

This done, break off three feet of the wire, and after attaching it to one of the buttons (Fig. 3), pass the free end through the center of the bladder until the button rests on its surface (A Fig. 1), then fasten a weight of eight pounds to the end of the wire and set in the sun for two hours or more until thoroughly dry (Fig. 2).

Proceed with the other materials in a like manner, and when you have both drums well dried, place one on each end of the line, and connect the button wires with the main wire by loops, and stretch it as tightly as possible, and with few sharp angles. Whenever a support is needed use a loop.

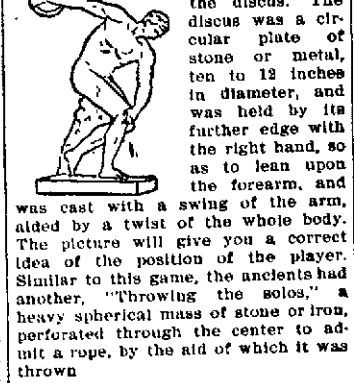
To call up, strike the button with a lead pencil, and the one called up will respond in a like manner. This is not a toy, but is a practical telephone that is serviceable from three feet to three miles.

Something Lacking.
The small boy was making calls with his mother, and to soothe his evident restlessness, the minister's wife had given him an apple.
"What do you say, William?" the mother prompted.
"Well it," William answered, with conviction—Lippincott's Magazine.

Much Depends on the Color.
"She—Is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?"
He—Certainly I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red hot stove by merely putting his finger on it.—Illustrated Bits.

THROWING THE DISCUS.

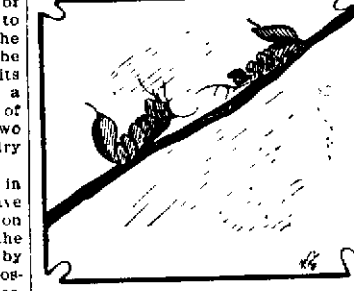
The Old Greek and Roman Game of Quoits.



A BORN OPTIMIST.

When little Leander Bassett asked big Leander, his father, what an optimist was, Mr. Bassett regarded him thoughtfully for a moment before he spoke, says the Youth's Companion.
"I hope you're going to be one," he said, slowly. "You favor your Uncle William in looks, and you've got some of his ways. 'Twould please me mightily to have you turn out like him."
"I don't know how the big dictionaries put it, but I know the general idea, sonny, and it's your Uncle William clear through and through."
"When he had anything hard to do, he just made a kind of a window of it to see something pleasant through."
"When we had wood to saw and split, he used to call it a kind of a battle. He'd say, 'When we've disposed of this regiment,' pointing to a pile of wood that'd portioned off to us. 'I think our troops will be able to make off to the woods without further interference,' he'd say—and then we'd both back away like mad."
"When it came to hoeing corn in the hot sun and I'd get clean discouraged, he'd put his hand up to his eyes and say, 'Strikes me we're getting on pretty fast. When we've hoed these two rows and 18 more, we'll be one more than half done, and plenty of time to finish.' He'd laugh when he said it, and I'd laugh with him."
"I couldn't always see it the same way he did, but I learned one thing—you can look right at any hard, disagreeable job till you can't see anything else, even when you turn away from it, or you can look through it, no matter how thick it is, same as William did. He was what I call an optimist."

DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY.



This picture is taken from a wonderful photograph showing how caterpillars fight. These two creatures have met on a twig and neither will give the other the right of way. Both want it, and the result will be a fight to the death. The picture shows the caterpillars sparring for an opening, just as two human fighters approach each other in the ring.

Across Lots.
"What do people mean when they talk about tacking?" asked Bobby, who had listened to a detailed account of his sister's first experience in a sailboat with interest, but in much confusion of mind.
"Oh, you'll know when you're a little older," said the sister; but the small round face wore an expression of injury, and she had to explain further.
"Why, it's just turning half-way round," she said, with slight hesitation, "and then—and then you sail on the bias."—Youth's Companion.

CAPTAIN OF THE APHRODITE

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE
(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

It was a black day in the life of Jerry Richardson when the Aphrodite swung into Allerdale harbor, and James Rotheryske met him on the poop with the information that the brig had made her last trip.
"Ye dinna mean it, Master Rotheryske?" he asked, his sea-tanned face paling as he spoke.
"But I do mean it," the shipowner firmly replied. "The ship's old, Jerry. She wasn't new when my father bought her; and on top of the 40 years' work she did for him, there's been ten for me, and I can't face another winter with her. I'll sail my ships with clean hands, or I'll not sail them at all, and that's why I've made up my mind to have done with the Aphrodite. Why, Jerry, old man, if anything happened to you and these fine lads of yours, I'd never dare to look an honest man in the face again!"

Jerry turned away, and gazed down upon the ebbing waters. He knew that further speech was useless. By and by he wheeled round and, facing his employer, observed:
"I've no malice to say! Mebbe yer right. But, Master Rotheryske, ye dinna ken what this old brig is to me. I come aboard her as a lad, and she's the only ship I've ever had. An' now I've got to see her torn rib from rib! It's a heartbreak, sir, but I'll say no malice about it!"



Watched the Working of the Last Scene.

For long the Aphrodite bore her way through the hissing waters, with no hand to guide her, no eye to see for her; and when Jerry returned to her deck, night had spread her pall over sea and land. Jerry's face was very white now, his features more tightly drawn; in one hand he grasped a gleaming tool, and away deep beneath the vessel's waterline there were two gaping wounds, through which the sea steadily spouted.
"Thank God it's over!" he muttered, wiping the clammy moisture from his brow. "It's been like murder! Now I'll stay as long as I dare, an' then be off!"

Lower and still lower, until her decks were almost awash, and then Jerry roused himself to action. Releasing the tiller, he seized the tow-line looped over the stern, pulled his dinghy under the counter, and with a choking cry of "Good-bye, old ship, good-bye!" he cast himself over the side and pushed off. A cable's length, and then he drew his oars across the bows and with thrubbing heart and burning eyes watched the working of the last scene. He had not long to wait.

Suddenly the light dipped and rose, and dipped again; the masts quivered convulsively; then a maddened whirl of waters, and both light and spars plunged from sight.
Stolidly, dumbly the spell of a fearful fascination gripping him, Jerry stepped his tiny mast and hoisted his sail, and, like some frightened thing, the frail craft darted from the spot. But even now the storm winds had broken from their leash and were in hot pursuit, and fast though the little boat fled through the night they traveled faster still, and ere the dawning they had swept through the cleft, where the currents ever clash in watery warfare, and pounced upon their prey.

Wre daybreak the storm winds had winged their way to their secret lair, and when the sun shot up in lurid magnificence from the back of the distant crags, and threw an inquiring glance upon the waiting world, there was little of tragedy in the things upon which he looked. Only a fringe of spindrift white along the line of the rock-strewn coast; only a restless, terrified heaving of the sea, only a mastless bark on Seaton Point, and a hulk on Sillitho Sands; only a little boat, with keel that pointed to the sky.

After its first gasp of astonishment, Allerdale broke into laughter. Captain Jerry had bought the Aphrodite! With the purchase, Jerry regarded his anxiety on the ship's account as completely vanquished; but the second winter of his ownership laid a new burden upon his shoulders.
It was a hard winter, and ere the last snow had melted Jerry's back had

taken a sharper bend, and his gait a more definite halt. There were days and days, too, when the Aphrodite had to be left entirely to herself, and it was this fact that aroused the new fear in the mariner's breast. What, he was constantly asking, would become of his idol if he himself should be taken? What could he do?

With the opening days of the following November Jerry occasioned a mild surprise by having the Aphrodite placed upon the gridiron, and her hull caulked below the waterline, and well pitched all over. To have attempted any more drastic treatment of her upper seams would probably have produced disaster; they had been too much scorched and drawn by the sun to stand anything beyond a little tinkering.

From the grid the Aphrodite went back to her old lay-by and was once more securely moored with her nose pointing towards the surging waters of the Firth; and Jerry whiled his idle hours away in whistling for a breeze from the land—something with just a touch of east in it.

It was a long time in coming, but with the advent of December the wind suddenly swept round and the master mariner laid a little note upon his sitting room table, so that, should his venture cost him his life, there should be no mystery about his end, no taint left clinging to his name, and went aboard the brig.

This was early in the afternoon, and it was not until long past midnight, when the tide had turned and all suggestion of life had vanished from the quays, that he stealthily climbed the foremast shrouds. Then the cables were slipped, and as the Aphrodite, at liberty once more, bobbed and curtsied to the breeze, he sprang to the tiller and jammed it hard down, finding, to his delight, that the vessel answered her helm as readily as in her days of active service.

Once more he was upon the sea, the sea that he loved as a good man loves his home, the sea that might even yet be his winding-sheet; and though his ship was no better than a derelict, and he stood alone upon her deck, his back stiffened out, his chest expanded, the old fire flashed in his eyes, and he was no longer old Jerry, the cast-off skipper, but Captain Jerry, master mariner.

More than once during the next day he decided that the moment for his final stroke had arrived, but the spirit of the sea was calling him, the witchery of the waters held him in thrall, and he tightened his grip upon the tiller and kept his ship steadily on his course.

"Just for a laal bit longer," he muttered; "a laal bit longer; it's for the last time!"
Soon after the sun had dipped beneath the horizon, the wind began to come in sharp, snarling puffs. Into the voice of the sea there entered a new and angrier note, and the ship rose and fell with quicker stride. Then Jerry's hesitation vanished, and after an anxious glance to windward he disappeared down the cuddy.

For long the Aphrodite bore her way through the hissing waters, with no hand to guide her, no eye to see for her; and when Jerry returned to her deck, night had spread her pall over sea and land. Jerry's face was very white now, his features more tightly drawn; in one hand he grasped a gleaming tool, and away deep beneath the vessel's waterline there were two gaping wounds, through which the sea steadily spouted.

"Thank God it's over!" he muttered, wiping the clammy moisture from his brow. "It's been like murder! Now I'll stay as long as I dare, an' then be off!"
Inch by inch the water rose in the Aphrodite's hold, inch by inch mounted her hull, and with strident cry the wind tore through her cordage, and far astern and in front, away to port and to starboard, the myriad voices of the sea mingled in their everlasting anthem.

Lower and still lower, until her decks were almost awash, and then Jerry roused himself to action. Releasing the tiller, he seized the tow-line looped over the stern, pulled his dinghy under the counter, and with a choking cry of "Good-bye, old ship, good-bye!" he cast himself over the side and pushed off. A cable's length, and then he drew his oars across the bows and with thrubbing heart and burning eyes watched the working of the last scene. He had not long to wait.

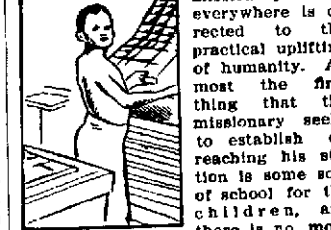
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THE CHURCH AT WORK

TEACH THEM TRADES.

Native African Boys Given Practical Instruction by Missionary.



LEARNING A TRADE.

of missionary work than that which is done among the boys and girls. Rev. Herbert C. Whitney, in charge of the Methodist Episcopal mission station in the Angola highlands, Portuguese West Africa, writes of this branch of his work to the Christian Herald as follows:

"Our work has developed an industrial school of boys, bound of their own free will to the mission by written contract for a term of years, to work for just their food and clothes, go to school and learn a trade, and later be furnished with such tools as they should need to follow the trade they had learned. Work of this kind commands a respect from the natives that teaching and preaching alone would not do; and the confidence that is shown when boys or their parents come, as they now do, and beg for entry into such a department, has been won only after a long period of suspicion, aloofness, and even reproach."

Full-Page Missionary Advertisement.

A very extraordinary measure for the stimulation of missionary interest locally has been undertaken by a small group of Christian men at Danville, Ill., who have organized themselves into a committee which hides their personal identity under the title "Friends of Missions." This committee purchased a full page of advertising space in the Danville Daily Democrat, wherein they printed in large type the whole of Dr. Samuel B. Capen's "Twentieth Century Call to Men," in which the character of the lately organized laymen's missionary movement is carefully described. A strong letter from the committee, printed in the same issue, further enforced the call. Not content with this publicity, the committee mailed marked copies of the paper to a specially selected list of well-to-do church members in both town and country through all the surrounding region. And to this they added a series of excellently worded and keen-pointed "follow-up" letters. As a piece of aggressive missionary campaigning this endeavor is worthy not only commendation but emulation.

Harmonious Consolidation Effected.

The consolidation of the two branches of the Young Women's Christian association so long separated in this country has been at length perfected, and ideally harmonious relations are established. Miss Grace H. Dodge, who at the request of both negotiating committees presided as impartial arbitrator during the period of working out the plans for union, has now been elected permanent president of the executive committee of the united associations. The committee has its headquarters at New York, occupying a suite at the Montclair, home of Dr. White's Bible Teachers' Training school. There are 20 members of the committee resident in New York—ten in other cities. The organ of the movement will be a tasteful and sprightly magazine whose first number has just appeared—The Association Monthly.

Pithy Sayings of Woman Preacher.

Some pithy sayings of Mrs. Sophie, a woman evangelist, now laboring among the miners of Wilkesbarre, Pa., have reached us. Here are a few: "The Lord don't cast your sins behind your back one day, and the next day cast them up to the front of your face, like some human beings." "The serpent is pretty wise. He fooled old Eve, and there are lots of Eves and Adams in the world since." "When I was converted I know I was there; that's the most important part." "Religion is a thing of the head, and salvation's a thing of the heart."

Rev. Dr. J. Q. A. Henry Back.

After more than five years of temperance and evangelistic work in Great Britain, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry has returned to this country to do evangelistic service. He is accompanied by his singer, Mr. J. R. Hemminger. During Dr. Henry's stay in Great Britain he has conducted 150 missions in practically all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom, has addressed more than 3,000,000 people, and taken 135,000 total abstinence pledges. Nearly 30,000 people made an open confession of faith in Christ as Saviour.

GATEWAY OF ANCIENT CHINA.

Old Mud Fort With Heaps of Small Stones for Use of Defenders.

Chia-yu-Kuan has for centuries been the spot where merchants, as well as embassies from the West, have been forced to await the permission of the mighty emperors of Cathay before entering China. As such, and from its remote situation—remote, that is, so far as Europeans are concerned—this frontier post has long enjoyed a halo of romance in Chinese eyes. In reality it is a mud brick fort, far inferior to such places as are to be seen at Lahore and other Indian cantonments long ago given up, except as mere quarters.

The walls at Chia-yu-Kuan enclose an area some 120 to 150 yards square. On the north and south sides these are double the outer, being 20 feet high and four to six feet thick. East and west there are double gates of solid aspect, and the inner wall is 35 to 40 feet high all around. From outside the fort has, to the Oriental eye, an imposing appearance, which the inside does its best to atone for. Here is to be seen a collection of dirty mud hovels, with one official residence of the poorest kind. Along the wall runs a narrow parapet, some four feet from the summit, but, owing to its height, unapproachable from below, except in two or three places.

From the point of view of modern defense the whole position is pitiable. Guns there are none, the garrison consists of a half score withered old men of the usual Chinese type and these are the proud possessors of wooden jingalls. Having said so much it might seem that the worst has been told, but this is not so. With an intention to hurt the feelings of the trusty garrison to whose charge is committed the most advanced outpost their mighty empire possesses it must be added that piles of small stones are heaped at intervals along the parapet wall. With these it may be presumed that the defenders will be called upon some day to meet a foe advancing from the northwest.

The G. P's.
A physician's wife was complaining of the annoyances she suffers in the interests of her young husband's practice.

"When I married the doctor," she said, "his abbreviation of g. p. amused me, but in two cases at least I soon found that it meant more than a grateful patient. One woman whom he asked me to be nice to because she was a g. p. has borrowed my clothes more or less for four years; the other has a little girl born just a day later than our Marjorie, and she uses the coincidence as a reason for borrowing all poor Marjorie's things. I've been asked to lend the child's clothes, her playthings, her perambulator, and even the services of the nurse. Now both these women are popular in different little cliques and have brought the doctor a patient or two. So if I were to speak my mind out it would mean perhaps a loss. They know they have me at their mercy, so until our practice is very much larger I must grin and bear it. My only consolation is in saying that g. p. means, in their case, graft patient."

Spitzbergen.

For the first time I learned, from an eyewitness, something about Spitzbergen, that desert Arctic island, 500 miles north of the North Cape of Norway and within 700 miles of the north pole; a frost-desolated land, where the grass grows longer than the trees, and huge glaciers in the ice-bridged valleys amid the jagged mountains move majestically down into the sea, until mighty icebergs, a monstrous birth, break off and rise to the surface amid thunderous roar—as once the only sound that broke the profound silence of those awful solitudes.

Spitzbergen is the only spot of earth that is positively known as No Man's Land; it is the possession of no country, and has nothing even resembling a specified government. The island seems likely to remain No Man's Land, though it is said that an effort has been made by Norway to establish some sort of protectorate over it.—National Magazine.

An Urban Cinderella.

The teacher had been reading a story of Cinderella to her class of youngsters and was now going over the story again with them to fix it in their minds. Among other questions which she asked them was why it was necessary for Cinderella to leave every night early enough to be home by 12 o'clock.

From various members of the class she elicited most of the reasons which are implied in the story until finally, all remained silent.

"Isn't there any other reason?" she asked. "Can't any of you think of another?"

Up shot Larry's soiled chubby paw, in frantic eagerness to indicate his knowledge.

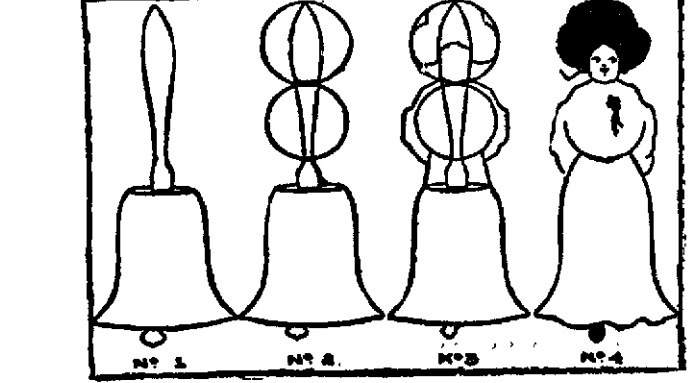
"That's good, Larry. What is the reason?"

"She had to catch the last car," piped Larry.—Montreal Herald.

Go Slow Young Men.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, advises students against deciding upon a vocation too soon. According to Dr. Butler, a man should not go to college with any settled convictions as to what he is to do. Dr. Butler holds that college is the place to make such a decision. The opportunities there are so many and varied that, according to the president, every man ought to find something to suit him. He implies that by the end of his senior year a man ought to have acquired enough knowledge to enable him to determine his right vocation.

EVOLUTION OF A BELL.



It's Every Fellow's Duty to Vote To-morrow; The City's Estimated Population Will Depend Upon It.

Coffman & Owen
HARDWARE and TINNERS
PHONE NO. 279

THE EVENING NEWS.

M. LEVIN
NEW and SECOND HAND
FURNITURE

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 4

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1907

NUMBER 9

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at from

\$12.50 to \$20.00

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EASTER SUNDAY IN ADA AND AT OUR CHURCHES

It was a cold Easter Sunday this year, coming as it did at an unusually early date. Easter hats and bonnets, frocks and gowns, not to be outdone by the chilly weather, were in evidence in profusion, and many beautiful creations were noticed.

Appropriate services were held at the Ada churches. At the First Methodist church the Ada Commandery, Knights Templar, attended the services in a body and in uniform. An Easter sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. T. L. Ruppey.

At the Cumberland Presbyterian church the Easter service was held at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and was constituted of a program of song, recitation, etc., by the members of Magnolia Young People's Society. Appropriate talks were made by the three pastors of the city.

At the first Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. C. E. Robertson, delivered a special Easter sermon in the morning. There were several special pieces of music by the choir.

The services at the Christian church last night were under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Missions, Easter being the day set aside by the international society as rally day for all local societies. A paper on the history of the local society was read by Mrs. J. A. Biles, and Rev. Kirtley made a very appropriate talk for the occasion. A

number of new members were taken into the society.

At the Baptist church, where revival meetings are in progress, held by the pastor, Rev. T. B. Harrell, and his singer, no especial Easter services were held. However, the church was tastefully decorated and increased interest was manifested in the meetings, many people being turned away from both morning and evening services on account of the large number in attendance.

Report Few Left.

M. L. Walsh, U. G. Winn, L. M. King, Ben Mason, Joe Lawrence and their negro cook returned Sunday night from a week's fishing trip over in the Choctaw nation, about 150 miles east of here. They report a fine catch of bass, and say that there are few fish left there now, but let's hope that it's not quite that bad.

Forman's Itinerary.

The following is Judge Henry M. Forman's speaking itinerary for this week in Oklahoma, which he will follow in furtherance of his candidacy for the U. S. senate:

Monday, Grand; Tuesday, Cheyenne; Wednesday, Sayre; Thursday, Weatherford; Friday, Clinton; Saturday, Cordell.

NEGRO FIEND SWUNG INTO ETERNITY BY MOB

Durant, I. T. April 1.—Just as a crowded excursion train from Denison to South McAlester reached the depot at Sterrett it ran into a desperate struggle between United States officers and a great mob of infuriated people for possession of a negro accused of criminal assault upon Miss Maud Misher, near Red river bridge last Saturday. Into the melee the passengers were thrust, and many were in time to see the officers overpowered after the depot doors had been battered down and the negro dragged with a rope about his neck to an old derrick 300 yards away and lynched.

The officers had been waiting at the depot with the prisoner, intending to take the excursion train to Durant.

The negro was captured Sunday afternoon near Colbert by a posse of citizens and turned over to the United States officers, who had been notified at Denison of the crime and had come to Colbert to assist in the search.

Some of the Colbert people were in favor of hanging the negro there, but were prevailed upon to let the law take its course.

The officers started to drive overland to Durant and had been assured by the city marshal of Sterrett, or Cole, as it is also called, they say, that there would be no trouble if they drove through that town.

They had no conversation with the negro other than to secure his name.

At Cole the officers concluded it would be safer to wait for the excursion train bringing a baseball crowd from Denison, conveying the negro to Durant by rail.

At the depot, however, a mob of several hundred persons met them, and the officers retreated into the depot, where they repulsed the crowd.

The train pulled into the depot and the officers attempted to fight their way through the crowd with the negro, but outside were again attacked and were compelled to retreat into the depot again.

The crowd attacked the door and battering it in overpowered the officers, took their weapons away from them and took possession of the negro. No shots were fired during the melee.

A rope was tied about the negro's neck and he was dragged off to an old oil well derrick, 300 yards from the depot, the officers protesting.

The negro was severely beaten on the way and several attempts were made to stab him. He was placed on a platform, the rope was thrown over a beam and he was strung quickly up without having been given a chance to make a statement.

As the writhing body swung in the air possibly seventy-five shots were fired, but only one bullet struck the body. As the body was strung up someone slashed the negro's throat.

When the crowd had to an extent dispersed the body was cut down, but not until the members of the mob had almost stripped it nude in search of souvenirs.

Sterrett, I. T., April 1.—Jim Williams, a negro, stranger to even the negro community at Colbert, accused of having criminally assaulted Miss Maud Misher at her home north of Red river bridge on Saturday and fully identified by the young lady, was hanged by a mob of possibly 500 people here Sunday afternoon about 7:30 o'clock.

Poses from all over the country had been scouring the woods for the negro since the crime, and about 3:30 o'clock he was found by one of the poses in the tangled brush within a mile of Colbert. A Colbert negro was with him at the time, and was in the act of urging him to go in and surrender to the officers. As the crowd approached the accused negro ran and was followed through the brush by the posse, the Colbert negro in the lead. This negro caught the fleeing man, and held him, fighting and struggling until the posse arrived.

The negro was taken, heavily guarded to Colbert and turned over to the officers. The officers placed him in a room with four other negroes, and on the table laid a collection of pistols, including the one taken from the prisoner.

Into this room Miss Misher was conducted, accompanied by her mother. She pointed out the negro under arrest as her assailant and from the collection of weapons selected the one taken from the prisoner as the pistol he had taken from her at the time of the crime. The identification of both negro and pistol was without hesitation.

Remember, voters, in the election tomorrow you will have to mark your ballots the old Arkansas way—mark out the name if any, you do not wish to vote for. This dropping back from the Australian system used in the primary is necessary because the courts have decided the Arkansas election law must control this time.

Commissioner's Court.

Today is the regular monthly meeting of the commissioner's court in Ada. There were nothing but civil cases on the docket, a number of which have been disposed of, settled out of court, continued, etc.

Harry Chapple and family, of Mitchell, Ind., departed yesterday for home after a pleasant month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Rodmond. Mr. Chapple is one of Mitchell's leading merchants. So favorably is he impressed with our town and its prospects that he thinks of returning hither next fall to locate.

TOM DAVIS, A CATTLE- MAN, TAKES HIS OWN LIFE

The people of Ada were profoundly shocked early Sunday morning by the startling news that Tom E. Davis, the well known cowman, had committed suicide.

The horrible fact developed that about 5:30 a. m., as he lay in bed, Mr. Davis reached for his foreman's revolver and resting his head upon his left hand fired the weapon into his right temple, tearing a fearful wound in his head. Death must have been instantaneous.

On the north side of town Mr. Davis has been feeding several hundred steers, and the cowmen occupy the office building of the Blue gin for sleeping quarters. Therein Saturday night he and his foreman, Joe Fry, slept. Fry states he arose early to go look after the cattle, leaving his employer in bed; that when he returned he found Mr. Davis lying dead as above described.

After officers were notified and they had viewed the body, convincing themselves it was a suicidal death, the body was removed to an undertaking establishment to prepare it for shipment to Texas. His brother, Mat, who lives in Denton county, Texas, was promptly notified. The brother arrived in the afternoon and accompanied the remains to Frisco, Texas, for interment.

It is a gruesome coincidence that Mr. Davis died in the same bed where only a few weeks ago the dead body of Johnnie Townsend was found on a Sunday morning.

Indeed Saturday night has become a date to be regarded with dread in this community. For several weeks each Saturday night has registered its tragedy in this section, as instance the Townsend semi-tragic death, the Ahlsoe killing, the assassination of Dr. Davenport, the killing of Will Hayes by a train, and lastly the Davis suicide.

Tom E. Davis was about 38 years old, had for years been a prominent cattle man in this country, and belonged to one of the old leading families of north Texas. He leaves a wife and a little son and daughter who, of late, have been residing at San Antonio, Texas. Also there remain of the family, his mother and three brothers, Frank, Mat and Jean, who live at Rector, Texas. The father, who died over a year ago, was a prominent cattle man of Texas and left an estate estimated at \$500,000.

Friends of Tom Davis are baffled in the effort to assign a motive for the rash deed. There were at first rumors of losses on cattle and financial embarrassment, but those informed about

Your Credit is Good

At my store for anything you may need in the line of

FURNITURE

If you want some furniture on a credit come to see us and get what you want. Our easy payment plan will enable you to pay for it without missing the money. We will take small payments and fix them to suit your pay day. What we desire is for you to bring us your wants that we may fill them for you. Let us talk it over together anyway.

Our Undertaking Department...

is complete. We are prepared to sell you a Casket or Coffin and to furnish you a hearse, a licensed embalmer, and a Funeral Director, who will take charge if desired without extra charge.

Also remember that we buy and sell Second Hand Furniture.

Come to us for Jap-a-lac.

W. C. DUNCAN

Phone No. 108.

FURNITURE AND COFFINS

Something Needed Portland Park Addition

Lots near the big Cement Plant to accommodate the hundreds of laborers to be employed in this great industry. This need has been met by laying out the Portland Park Addition just west of the cement plant. Lots are 30 feet by 140, with 60-foot streets and 20-foot alleys. Prices of lots are from \$20 to \$30. Terms, \$5 down and \$2 per month. A large reservoir is to be built on the north side by the cement company which will afford boating and fishing.

The Title is Perfect and the Location Slightly and Healthful.

Get on Easy Street by Buying Lots in Portland Park.

Homes in the Reach of All in Portland Park Addition.

Plant your Money in Portland Park and let it Grow.

Real Estate is the foundation of wealth—it's safe and sure. Get in on the ground floor at Portland Park

Only room for 80 families in Portland Park while hundreds will be needed. This is the only land that will be available for years.

Have you seen Ada lots advance one hundred and even one thousand per cent, while you waited to see what the town would do? Take a tumble to yourself and buy lots in Portland Park. These lots are being sold at half their real value and on terms within the reach of all.

Ada Title and Trust Co.

CAPITOL
HILL
LOTS
ON
EASY
PAYMENT
PLAN

Capitol Hill

Acres are fast being
taken by successful
business and profes-
sional men. Every-
body drives through

CAPITOL HILL ADDITION.

Beard & Blanks

Office 1st Door West Harris Hotel.

OTIS B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor
R. O. BROWN, Business Manager

Entered as second-class mail matter, March 28, 1924, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN
M. L. TURNER
ROY HOFFMAN

For Congress
CHARLEY D. CARTER
D. H. LINEBAUGH
F. W. SKILLERN
E. P. HILL
CHAS. E. McPHERREN
R. SARLES

For State Senator
REUBEN M. RODDIE
OTIS B. WEAVER

For State Representative
RANDOLPH LAURENCE

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENEFEE

For District Judge
A. T. WEST

For Circuit Judge
EUGENE E. WHITE

For Clerk of Supreme Court
E. C. PATTON

For County Judge
J. P. WOOD
A. M. CROXTON
JOEL TERRELL

For County Attorney
ROBT WIMBISH
B. C. KING

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEM) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. E. (ED) FUSSELL

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
H. WOODARD
M. F. DEW

For District Clerk
W. T. COX
W. D. LOWDEN

For County Treasurer
J. C. CATES
C. K. DAVENPORT
J. K. SCROGGIN

For Register of Deeds
A. C. BRAY
GARY KITCHENS
C. C. HARGIS
A. L. MILES

For County Surveyor

For Supt. of Public Instruction
BASCOM T. LAWSON

For County Commissioner
R. L. (BOB) WALKER
JOHN B. STEWART
JOHN D. RINARD

For Justice of the Peace, Ada Precinct
W. H. NETTLES
H. J. BROWN

For Constable Ada Precinct
CHARLES A. THOMAS
SID RIEDEL

GOOD GAS WITHIN 30 MILES.

At a depth of 1,480 feet a flow of gas estimated at 5,000,000 feet has been struck near Wewoka. There is also considerable oil and the developers will drill still deeper in search of oil.

This strike is only thirty miles from Ada. That fact should encourage development of the local field. Ours is not such a "wildcat" territory after all.

A local real estate man has made careful map measurements based on the well known fact that oil and gas fields are found on this continent in chains running in a southwesterly direction, each field being at an angle of 45 degrees from the one next north. He finds the 45 degree line running from the Glenn oil pool passes only a few miles of Ada, between here and Center.

Vote it straight tomorrow—that's the Democrat.

GOVERNOR FRANK FRANTZ has formally announced his candidacy for governor of Greater Oklahoma subject to the action of the Republican party. This means he will get the nomination without a struggle, but will be slaughtered in the struggle to follow.

No CASUALTIES are reported resulting from the Easter millinery crush.

The MYSTERY of CARNEYCROFT

BY JOSEPH BROWN COOKE COPYRIGHT 1927 BY STORY-PRESS CORPORATION

CHAPTER IV. Little Bobbs.

I followed him as rapidly as possible, hoping to overtake him and, at least, persuade him to return to my office until his excitement had cooled somewhat, but I reached the street only in time to see him turn the corner and mingle with the bustling crowd.

At the same instant a little man, not over five feet in height, and dressed in coarse drab, Norfolk jacket and tightly fitting trousers, turned in hurriedly from the opposite direction and collided with me with some violence.

"Beg pardon, sir," he panted, recovering himself with an effort and pulling off his cap respectfully. "Beg pardon, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Ware's office, sir. Mr. Frederick Ware, sir. Is this the place, sir?" and he placed his hand on his chest and gasped noisily in his endeavor to catch his breath.

"Mr. Ware's office is upstairs," I replied, "and I am Mr. Ware. Who are you?"

"Thank ye, sir," he said gratefully, an expression of relief lighting up his face. "I'm Bobbs, sir. Little Bobbs, they call me, sir." Still holding his cap in his hand he pulled his forelock and bowed with the grace of an east-side dancing master.

"Very well, Bobbs," I said, completely puzzled. "Now what do you want?"

"Why, I want Mr. Carney, of course, sir," he replied. "I'm his man, you know, sir, and he told me to meet him here in half an hour."

"So you are Mr. Carney's servant, eh?" I queried.

He nodded respectfully and touched his forelock again.

"Well," I continued, "Mr. Carney has gone and you won't be able to overtake him, so there is no use in your trying. Moreover, I want to see you myself in the office for a few minutes."

He followed me upstairs and sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, twirling his cap between his hands and twiddling his thumbs nervously. I watched him for a moment in silence and then, an idea striking me, I unlocked the small cupboard in my desk, took out a bottle and a glass and, placing them before him, said soliloquously: "You are completely exhausted, Bobbs; better take a little of this."

His face was perfectly frank and honest as he said, politely, "Thank ye kindly, sir, but I never touch it. I'll be all right in a minute, sir."

I returned the bottle and glass to their places, fully satisfied with the result of my little experiment and convinced that the fellow had spoken the truth and could be relied upon in every way.

"How long have you been in Mr. Carney's employ?" I asked, as I turned the key in the lock.

"Three years come next autumn," he replied promptly.

"And did you never drink anything in your life, Bobbs?" I continued, for I was working out a definite line of questions.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, rather uncomfortably I thought, "I can't say as I've always been teetotal, sir, an' I used to take a drop now and then and again, sir. But since Mr. Carney got this way, sir, I gave it up entirely. It wouldn't do for me to be drinkin' now, you know, sir."

"No, it wouldn't," I said emphatically. "You are quite right, Bobbs, and you are a faithful fellow to give it up as you have."

"Thank ye, sir," said Bobbs. "How long has Mr. Carney been in this condition?" I asked.

Bobbs looked at me in an undecided fashion for a moment and then blurted out, "Why, I don't know, sir, as I ought to be talkin' of his affairs so much, sir. It don't seem to me as it's quite right, sir."

I appreciated the fellow's devotion and loyalty to his master's interests and hastened to reassure him.

"It's all right, Bobbs," I said. "You may talk to me perfectly freely for I understand everything. You know, Mr. Carney himself was here for some time this morning."

Bobbs looked relieved and proceeded without further diffidence.

"Why, I should say, sir, it's goin' on about two years now. Ye know, he had some trouble or other on his mind when he went away, sir, an' it seemed to prey on him more an' more all the time. After a while he began gettin' in with those people, which I suppose was a relief to him and kept his thoughts off the other thing. At first it was only occasionally when he got to feelin' specially downhearted, but it wasn't long before he was with 'em all the time, sir. I begged and begged him to keep away from 'em, for you know as well as I do, sir, that only one thing could come of it, but he wouldn't listen to me and things kept goin' from bad to worse."

"At the beginning he kept up his interest in the business pretty well, but finally he lost all track of that, and then it wasn't many months before he couldn't attend to it whether he wanted to or not. That was the time I quit drinkin', sir, for I saw that he needed every minute of my time, day and

night, or at least that he might need it.

"His neglectin' the business as he did wasn't any harm, you know, sir, for it's so well managed that it could almost run itself, but I did wish that he had worked off his bad feelin's in the office, 'stead of the way he did. My heart aches for him all the time, sir," continued the faithful fellow, brushing away a tear with his knuckle, "but he got so obstinate that nobody could do a thing with him an', anyway, I could have managed him myself if anyone living could."

"You think there is no chance for him now, Bobbs?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not one in a million, sir," answered Bobbs, sadly. "He's too far gone now, sir. He was takin' the cure for a time an' we began to have some hopes of him, but it wasn't any use, an' the first thing we knew he was as bad as ever."

"I wonder he came back at all," I remarked. "I shouldn't have thought he would have felt inclined to."

"I didn't think he'd come, myself," said Bobbs, "but he insisted upon it, and, as I told you a minute ago, there's no changin' him now when he once gets an idea in his head, so we packed up and came. He said he had some matters to attend to with you that he must see about at once, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "he arranged certain affairs with me this morning."

"Well," said Bobbs, "I'm glad that's done, for it will be a great load off his mind."

"Where do you suppose he has gone now?" I asked. "He left here very hurriedly and I wonder if he will get into trouble." My calmness of mind was due to the fact that, under the circumstances, I should not have cared if he had broken his neck.

"Oh! he'll get back to the hotel, sir," returned Bobbs confidently. "He told me to get the tickets for to-night and a few other things he needed and then meet him here, or at the hotel if he had left here. You know he is going home to-night, sir."

"Yes," I said, "but he tells me he does not expect to stay there long. Do you know what his plans are?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, sir," said Bobbs. "He never tells anyone what he is going to do, and he's in such a bad way now that I fancy he's as likely to go one way as another, sir. But I'll stick to him, sir; you may be sure of that. I must be going now for he may need me. You know, sir, he's not always as bad as you've seen him to-day. It's only at times, sir, that he gets like this."

"I should hope so," I returned. "And you think he will reach the hotel safely?"

"No doubt about that, sir," said Bobbs. "If he has any trouble or should get—er—dizzy or anything, he'll take a cab sir. The way he can keep his head is wonderful, sir."

He had risen to go as I asked my last question.

"Bobbs," I said, earnestly, "I want you to tell me something. What, in heaven's name, does Mr. Carney drink, to keep him in this condition?"

What does he drink, sir?" exclaimed Bobbs in a half frightened tone and viewing me with evident and sudden suspicion. "Why, I thought you knew, sir! I thought you knew!" and before I could stop him, he, like his master, had rushed out of the office into the street.

CHAPTER V. A Question of Guessing.

Some men are so stupid at times that one wonders how they got on in life at all, and after a few moments of ridiculously profound thought, I was quite ready to consign myself to this class. Here was a man, obviously a slave to a habit which was slowly but surely eating his very life away, who virtually admitted his shortcomings in the plainest of English, and yet who rushed from my presence in horror and disgust when I attempted to persuade him to leave intoxicants alone! Here was his servant, an honest, trustworthy fellow, who not only admitted his master's failings but gave many details of his unfortunate downfall, and yet who regarded me with suspicion and dread when I ventured to ask him a most natural question! And here was a foot of a lawyer who could not see through a millstone with a hole in it!

I reached for the telephone and called up MacArdel.

"Hello, Mac!" I said. "Busy to-night?"

"Nothing special," he replied, laconically. "What's up?"

"Dine with me at the club at seven, will you?" I asked. "I want you to tell me something."

"All right," said MacArdel. "Seven sharp, and I'll order the dinner. Good-by," and he hung up his receiver with a snap.

I did not resent MacArdel's abruptness, for I knew he had a room full of people waiting to see him and the fact that he was to order the dinner was enough to make a man forgive anything short of an unpardonable sin.

MacArdel was late, of course. He was born half an hour after he was expected and his time-table through life has always been that much behind to a second; so I called for the things and made the cocktails myself,

I cannot order a dinner as MacArdel can, but I can construct a cocktail that would make the nectar of the gods taste like Bloomsbury coffee.

The dinner was as good as the cocktail and we went to the roof for our coffee and cigars.

MacArdel tipped back in his chair and rested his heels on the broad coping, for we were sitting in a secluded corner, back of a pillar, and the only light we had came from the restless city far below us, sparkling and glittering like the reflection of a September sky at midnight. An occasional glimmer of moonlight broke through the fleecy, scudding clouds, so that, from time to time, we caught glimpses of each other as we lazily puffed our cigars. The silence was emphasized by the disjointed murmur of voices about us, and the never-ending distant rumble in the streets beneath.

It was a dreary night and a dreary place and I dreaded to bring up the disagreeable topic that we had met to discuss. So we sipped our coffee and smoked out our cigars almost oblivious of each other's presence. But when the fresh cigars were lighted, MacArdel yawned impolitely, as was his habit when we were alone, and said briefly:

"Well, what is it?"

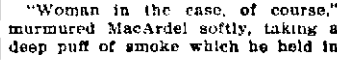
I told him of my experiences in the morning, taking care not to omit a single detail of what I had observed in my interview with either Carney or Bobbs. When I had finished he remarked, with equal brevity:

"Well, what of it?"

That's the way with MacArdel! He can be, and usually is, the most exasperating fellow that ever lived.

"What of it?" I exclaimed. "There's a damned lot of it, I tell you! I want to find out what this fellow is doing and get him to leave it alone. If you had ever seen his sister and could understand, as I do, the desolateness of her position, you'd be as anxious as I am to reform him."

"Woman in the case, of course," murmured MacArdel softly, taking a deep puff of smoke which he held in



"Well, What Is It?"

his mouth for a moment and then blew out slowly in a long thin cloud.

This is one of the most insulting things that a man can do, and MacArdel knows it perfectly well. I was inclined to knock him down, but I think too much of him for that, so I merely said:

"No, Mac, don't be a fool, but try to listen to reason, if you can!"

"Impossible when you're talking," he observed softly.

I ignored this and continued: "My only interest in Miss Carney is that of lawyer to client and I'm not in love with her or thinking of marrying her. In the first place, I've only seen her once or twice in my life, and in the next, the difference to our financial positions, to speak of nothing else, is quite enough to put out of the question any such idea on my part."

"Cat-look-king," said MacArdel, between puffs.

"I suppose you mean by that to infer that a dog may look at a queen!" I replied testily, "but I tell you, man, it's all nonsense—utter nonsense."

"Looks bad, though!" said MacArdel, "specially when a fellow compares himself to a dog, and the lady to a queen," and he touched the bell on the little table between us.

"What's that for?" I asked. "I've got plenty of cigars here in my pocket."

"Yellow chateaux," he replied. "I think you need it."

"Now, seriously, Mac!" I resumed. "What do you think of this man Carney's virtual denial of any excesses?"

"Lie," said MacArdel.

"Well," I went on, "what do you think of the servant's behavior in practically admitting the whole business and then turning about as he did at the last moment?"

"Neither lie," he replied.

Then you think they are a pair of precious scoundrels?" I asked.

"No; damned scoundrels," he said slowly. "I think they are unless the matter can be explained in another way. But I'm not at all sure of it. That's merely the way things look now."

"Mac," I said, "you don't know as much as I do."

"That," he replied, "is the most unkind thing you ever said to me. I know things, my boy, that your philosophy never dreamed of. I have been trying to think, while you have been talking, and, in spite of you, I have thought to some purpose."

"In the first place, as I said a minute ago, I think the man is an ordinary drunkard and that this servant

—Continued on page 8—

A PACKAGE OF PLEASURE.

OUR "Pontotoc" pleases all classes of men, UNEQUALED in merit, it's called for again, RETAILS for 5 cents—good value for ten.

PONTOTOC is a package of pleasure, select, Cuban stock filling, of flavor correct, EAT in the wrapping, made with best skill, THIS is a smoke that just fills the bill.

ON the start and the middle, beginning and end, THIS is a cigar on which to depend.

OVER the country, North, South, East and West, CONSUMERS agree it is one of the best.

GWIN, MAYS & CO.

Distributors, Ada.

The Evening News

delivered by carrier

10c a week

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

ADA PRESSED BRICK & TILE CO.

We have sold all our brick on hand but if you or your friends are going to build, you run no risk in placing your order with us. We make brick now at the rate of 20,000 per day, and we are preparing to make anything you want in the line of burnt clay ware. Our circular letter to users of building material in clay ware will be ready in a few days. Write for it.

ARMSTRONG, BYRD & CO

OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

(AN OLD AND ESTABLISHED HOUSE)

Have been established in the PIANO and ORGAN business in Oklahoma and Indian Territories for ten years. They are the largest music house in the Southwest, and carry a magnificent line of thirty-two of the best known and most reliable makes of Pianos. They sell from \$50.00 to \$75.00 cheaper than any other firm sell Pianos of the same grade and quality.

IF IN THE MARKET FOR A PIANO FIGURE WITH THEM

Buy a home

IN THE BEAUTIFUL

Sunrise

ADDITION

This addition is the choicest residence district in Ada, and no other location offers the advantages of SUNRISE. Just the right distance from the business district—the place to build a substantial home on a small investment. Values are steadily advancing. You must see this beautiful addition before you decide on a location, and we will be glad to show you these lots at any time. Come in and talk it over, before values advance.

O. B. WEAVER AGENCY

12th and Broadway. R. O. WHEELER, Manager.

Put Your Loose Dollars on Deposit

Open an account with us—deposit all the cash you don't actually need and you will be surprised how your account will grow.

IST NAT'L BANK

LOCAL NEWS

CLEAN OLD RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Attend the Baptist revival. E. L. Steed attended to business at Tupelo today.

FOR SALE—A good fresh milk cow. M. B. Donaghey. 7-2td

E. L. Thompson, of Jesse, is a new subscriber to The News.

When you want a nice fat chicken phone Judge Hilton, chicken specialist. 7tf

Earnest Pritchlyme, of the Harris hotel, was at Atoka over Sunday.

Have you tried our leader cigar "Pontotoc"? It's the real smoke!—Gwin, Mays & Co. 6tf

Contractor Lumsden, who is building the city's dam, was in Shawnee over night.

The best smoke in town, "Pontotoc," our new cigar. Try it!—Gwin, Mays & Co. 6tf

J. O. Mattison, of Oklahoma City, state agent for the New York Mutual Insurance Co., is in Ada today.

Purity and excellence—that's Loose-Wiles chocolates and bon bons at Mason's. 7tf

The clock ticks and ticks the time away. Shortening up our lives each day, Eat, drink and be merry, For some day you will be where, You can't get Rocky Mountain Tea. Free samples at G. M. Ramsey's. 9

FOR RENT—3-room house. O. B. Weaver.

W. H. Keller, foreman of the gang at work on the new dam, spent Sunday with his family at Dallas. He returned to Ada this morning.

Goody, Goody, Goody—That's what you say. Loose-Wiles chocolates and bon bons at Mason's. 7tf

Oscar Ferris was here from Onitla over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Lancaster returned Sunday evening from a pleasant trip through Old Mexico. They also visited at several Texas points, and report a most pleasant trip.

Gwin, Mays & Co. are receiving much praise for their leading cigar "Pontotoc." It's the best smoke in Ada—Gwin, Mays & Co. 6tf

Dr. B. H. Erb Sundayed at Madill.

Mrs. S. M. Torbett went to Ardmore Monday morning for a week's visit with her parents.

Four-room house on East Twelfth street, furnished neat and complete for rent at a reasonable price from May to September. Apply to S. J. Armstrong. 9-dtf

A. Summers, postmaster and general merchant of Maxwell, was in the city today and made the News office a pleasant call.

It's virtues have been established for many years, and thousands of people have been made happy by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. G. M. Ramsey. 9

CLEAN OLD RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Mrs. Jas. Earnest has been quite sick the past few days.

Dr. Runyan has moved into his new residence on South Rennie.

Robt. Wimbish and Joel Terrell were telling the voters at Stonewall about it today.

Rev. M. A. Cassidy went to Stonewall this morning where he is conducting a revival meeting.

He's done it again—T. J. Chambliss has bought another stock of goods at Catoosa, which means more bargains for Ada's buying-public. 9-1t

Hon. Boone Williams of Lehigh, president of the Lehigh National Bank, was in Ada Sunday afternoon and Monday morning looking after the business affairs of the late Tom Davis. Mr. Williams represented the Lehigh district in the constitutional convention, and acquitted himself very creditably.

Attorney H. A. Kroeger of Francis had business in Ada this morning.

Mrs. Jessie Marsh, of Mill Creek, who visited in Ada Sunday, returned to her home this morning.

Attorneys Thos. P. Holt, B. H. Eperson and James Webb are in Francis today on legal business. Their stenographer, Miss Nelson, accompanied them.

Harry Parks, of ice cream fame, has been suffering the past few days with neuralgia. At this writing he no better.

A bountiful dinner was served at the good home of Mrs. S. J. Martin Sunday. The guests were Mesdames Perkins, Willis and Berry and Messrs. Perkins, Berry and Otis and Carlton Weaver.

T. J. Chambliss spent most of last week at Catoosa, I. T., where he bid in and bought a clean stock of merchandise amounting to \$32,000 at 100 on the dollar. This stock is the cleanest and most up-to-date of the many stocks he has examined within the past two weeks and is an exceptionally good buy at the price. 9-1t

Mrs. S. J. Martin and Miss Mollie Jernigan are entertaining the Ladies Home Mission this afternoon.

Word from John Cox, who had his leg amputated at a Sherman sanitarium last week, says that he is getting along nicely.

Dr. H. Browall has been appointed local physician for the Oklahoma Central.

Carl Robb, the boy who was run over by a Frisco train some two weeks ago is getting along as well as could be expected, and is sitting up today.

Lee Nettles had the misfortune Sunday night of the dislocation of the hip.

The Catoosa stock of merchandise bought by T. J. Chambliss is one of the cleanest, most desirable stocks to be had and considering the way cotton goods have advanced, shows good judgment on Mr. Chambliss' part in hustling out and bidding in such stocks. 9-1t

W. R. Brandon orders the News sent to his brother, R. S. Brandon, Norman, Tenn.

Gymnastics alone can never give that elasticity, ease and graceful figure which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. G. M. Ramsey. 9

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Judges for Election.

Judge Dickerson has made an order appointing officers for next Tuesday's city election, which reads as follows:

In the United States Court, Southern District of the Indian Territory.

In the matter of the appointment of Judges of Election for the city of Ada in said District.

It is ordered that the following named said District and Territory be and they are hereby appointed Judges of an Election to be held in the said City of Ada, for city officers, on Tuesday the 2nd day of April, 1907, viz:

For ward No. 1.—I. M. King, W. H. Eby and C. M. Chauncy.

For ward No. 2.—J. F. McKeel, Z. T. Henderson, C. I. Patterson.

For ward No. 3.—J. R. Lawrence, H. A. Hodges, W. D. Lowden.

For ward No. 4.—A. Riddell, J. M. Brundidge and R. O. Wheeler.

The said Judges will appoint two discreet persons from each ward to act as clerks of said election.

Done at Chambers in the City of Chickasha in said District and Territory this—day of March, 1907. J. T. DICKERSON, Judge.

RHEUMATISM WILL GO.

Shake well in a bottle the following: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, and Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces.

Take for each dose one teaspoonful after your meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of good water.

A well-known authority states that any good prescription pharmacy can supply the ingredients, which may be easily mixed at home.

This mixture will act directly upon the kidneys, removing obstructions that clog the process of eliminating waste matter and acids which produce Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary difficulties and other affections resulting from soured blood, which the kidneys failed to keep clean and pure.

The worst forms of Rheumatism are said to be readily overcome without the slightest injury or ill feeling to the stomach or digestive organs.

MYSTERY OF CARNEYCROFT.

that so?" and he blew out another of those insulting streamers of smoke.

I was forced to admit sheepishly that he was right, and my good opinion of myself faded away like the smoke of our cigars.

"Well," he continued, "the symptoms he presents could not be caused by opium, nor by cocaine, nor by hashish. Whisky is the most likely thing of all, and you have nothing but a couple of vague expressions of astonishment from him and his servant to make you search for any other solution of the problem.

"There is, however, one other thing that might be at the bottom of it all, but he could not get it here, and it would be pretty hard for him to get it anywhere. Moreover, I am not at all sure myself about it, and would have to look it up before I would venture to say anything definite on the subject."

"What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"Never mind what it is, for the present," he replied. "If I am wrong in my surmise you can safely put it down to whisky, and if I am right, you are no better off, though perhaps no worse. Now, I am not going to say anything more about it to night."

"But in the meantime what am I to do with him?" I persisted. "I may see him again or be asked for advice concerning him at any time, you know."

"Leave him to Robbs, Ware; leave him entirely to Robbs and let him go his own way as he will," said Mac-Ardel earnestly. "If it's whisky, the sooner he drinks himself to death the better, and if it's the only other thing it can be, Robbs is a veritable God, send to him and to all of you, too. Whatever you do, leave him alone yourself, for you can't do him any good and you may get into a lot of trouble if you bother with him. Let's go down and play a game of billiards."

—Continued tomorrow—

Mayor as Bell Ringer.

The following story is told in Paris of a village priest and a mayor: In a village in the department of the Ain the cure was his own church warden.

For want of money the church was abandoned, and for many days the villagers heard no Angelus when working in the fields at daybreak, at noon, and in the evening. The mayor, a retired gendarme, an ardent radical, missed the cure and the chimes as much as any other villager, and when the cure had been gone a week he began to ring the bells. One night recently the village was roused by the notes of the Angelus. It was no call to mass, still less a fire alarm; it was a mistake of the mayor. The moon, breaking through the clouds just before going down, had brought him from his bed thinking it was sunrise. And now he is awaiting a letter from the prefect reproaching him, and perhaps revoking him for having rung the church bells before sunrise.

Poll Parrot as a Game Bird.

While the parrot is a bird of beautiful plumage, as a table delicacy it is not recommended, as I know from sad experience. My first essay at eating a parrot was attended with modified success. The bird must have been comparatively young, and after several hours boiling became soft enough to masticate and finally swallow, leaving behind it an impression that we had lunched on the sole of a rubber boot.—Field and Stream.

Old Furniture Made New With Jap-a-lac

We have it in all the colors. Price 15c per can and up. Ready for use—dries quickly. Anybody can apply it. We also carry a complete line of house and carriage paints, Collier's White Lead and Linseed oil, brushes, etc.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist
Successor to Clark Drug Co.

Warning Order.

In the United States court in the Indian Territory, Southern District: Citizen's National Bank, Ada, I. T., Plaintiff.

vs. R. J. Lewis, Defendant.

The defendant, R. J. Lewis, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Citizen's National Bank, Ada, I. T.

Witness the Hon. J. T. Dickerson, Judge of said court, and the seal thereof, this 29th day of March, 1907.

C. M. Campbell, Clerk.
By A. H. Constant, Deputy.
Crawford & Bolen, attorneys.
Attorney for non-resident: Tom D. McKeown.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

After March 1st the subscription price to the Oklahoman will be 45c per month, by carrier or at the News stand. OKLAHOMAN.

Join the Procession.

Join the procession that comes to this store. The selected are the eatables—full to the door.

Delicious fresh fruits and vegetables nice.

Good things to eat at a popular price.

Eggs, poultry and meat, flour, best brand.

Health food and stock food to suit the demand.

In the line of good products this stock is complete.

It runs more pleasant with good things to eat.

Toothsome stuff, wholesome stuff, fresh and O. K.

Our eatables make you feel happy and gay.

Now, hurry to Hilton any time in the day.

Judge Hilton
Phone

WANT A BATH?

Then get a good clean one, Hot or Cold, at High & Litzman's Barber Shop, next door to English Kitchen.

Five Pennies A Day

Pays for a telephone in your home. Can you afford to be without it? Order today. Call the Local Manager for a representative of the Contract Department.

PIONEER TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH CO.

The Crystal Ice Cream Factory

Ada, Indian Territory,

IS NOW READY FOR BUSINESS.

We guarantee our cream to be pure in every respect. Your order shall get prompt attention and be shipped by quickest route.

Just Received

A nice line of Loose-Wiles Chocolates and Bon Bons. Every package is boxed purity. Phone us your order and we guarantee satisfaction.

MASON DRUG CO.

The Progressive Pharmacists

Phone 44.

The Nickel Store

Why Pay More?

Why pay big profits when the

Nickel Store

is satisfied with small ones. This store made low prices possible in many lines. Hundreds of pleased customers have told their story of quality and price. One price to all, and that the lowest cash price. Quick sales and small profits.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Choice new crop 1907 seeds, the large full weight packages, 2 for 5c. We also sell everything in the line of bulk seeds at half the usual prices.

LAMPS

Usually merchants expect to make big profits on lamps. We like profits but we prefer small ones and lots of business. Size up our lamp bargains, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 65c.

Big Bargains in Hardware and Enamelware.

10 quart Enamel Buckets 75c values for 50c; 14 qt. Enamel Dish Pans for 50c; 7 qt. Enamel Tea Kettles for 69c; 2 qt. Enamel Pudding Pan for 10c; 5 qt. Enamel Pudding Pan for 15c.

FILES. All first-class hand saw files, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, for 5c each.

Flat files. 6 inch 8c, 8 inch 10c, 10 inch 15c or 2 for 25c.

Shoe Tacks. 1 lb. boxes Brashed Shoe Nails, 4c.

Hammer. First-class steel nail hammers 49c; tack hammers 5c and 10c.

Tacks. Carpet tacks, 500 count, 5c per box.

Bargains in Stoneware.

Milk Crocks, 1 gal. size 6c; 2 gal. size 12c. Milk tall jars, 1 gal. size 6c; 2 gal. size 12c.

FINE CHINAWARE.

Salad Dishes, usually sold at 50c, for 25c. Bread dishes, unusually nice lot, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Cups and Saucers, gold decorated, semi porcelain, 60c a set. Dinner Plates of same goods, 60c a set.

Dishes, Bakers, Bowls, Platters, Pitchers, etc. We are selling this high-grade ware as cheap as the plain white is usually sold for.

All over the store you will find new goods, all at fair prices. Hundreds of real bargains. Clean cut snaps. We respectfully invite you to call, whether you wish to buy or not.

The Nickel Store

5c and 10c Store of Ada

S. M. SHAW, Prop.

SNOW BRAND

Medium Priced Shoes for Men

\$3.50 to \$5.00

Our Snow \$5.00 guaranteed patent is the best shoe value ever offered for the money. Complete line of shoes, all styles and prices. Get our prices before you buy.

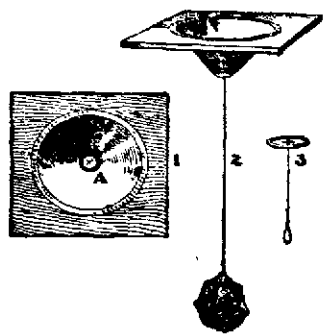
CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

AN EASILY MADE TELEPHONE.

Instrument That Will Work If Constructed Carefully.

The materials you will require are two pine boards ten by 13 inches, and half an inch thick, two fresh beef bladders, one box of four-ounce tacks, two large gutta serena overcoat buttons, some strips of thin leather one-quarter of an inch wide, and lastly some flexible wire. The best wire for the purpose is that used in book binding machines, but if it cannot be obtained, any soft, flexible wire will do. Prepare the bladders first by blowing them up tightly, and leaving them so for a day or two until they are thoroughly stretched, but do not let them become dry and hard, says Good Literature. While the bladders are stretching you can obtain the other materials. To begin, take one of the boards, and having brought it to the required dimensions, draw a circle in its center eight inches in diameter, which you must saw out, taking care



Parts of the Telephone.

to keep on the line, for if the opening is not round or even, the instrument will not work satisfactorily.

Next take one of the bladders, and after cutting the neck off cut away about one-third of it from end to end, then soak it in water, warm, but not too hot, until it becomes white and soft; after which stretch it loosely but evenly over the opening, letting the inside of the bladder be on top, and tack temporarily all around one inch from the edge of the opening.

Now test it by pushing the center with your finger. If it stretches smoothly and without wrinkles, it will do; but if it does not, you must change its position until it does so. Next take a strip of leather and tack completely around the edge of the opening, putting the tacks closely together, and taking care to keep the bladder stretched evenly while doing so. When you have it tacked properly, take your knife and cut away that part of the bladder on the outside strip (Fig. 1).

This done, break off three feet of the wire, and after attaching it to one of the buttons (Fig. 3), pass the free end through the center of the bladder until the button rests on its surface (A Fig. 1), then fasten a weight of eight pounds to the end of the wire and set in the sun for two hours or more until thoroughly dry (Fig. 2).

Proceed with the other materials in a like manner, and when you have both drums well dried, place one on each end of the line, and connect the button wires with the main wire by loops, and stretch it as tightly as possible, and with few sharp angles. Whenever a support is needed use a loop.

To call up, strike the button with a lead pencil, and the one called up will respond in a like manner. This is not a toy, but is a practical telephone that is serviceable from three feet to three miles.

Something Lacking.

The small boy was making calls with his mother, and to soothe his evident restlessness, the minister's wife had given him an apple.

"What do you say, William?" the mother prompted.

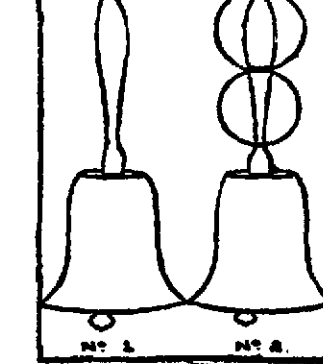
"Feel it!" William answered, with conviction—Lippincott's Magazine.

Much Depends on the Color.

She—is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?

He—Certainly. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red hot stove by merely putting his finger on it.—Illustrated Bits.

EVOLUTION OF A BELL.



THROWING THE DISCUS.

The Old Greek and Roman Game of Quoit.

Have you ever played quoits? The Greeks and Romans had a game very similar to quoits, and it was one of their favorite amusements. It was called "Throwing the discus." The discus was a circular plate of stone or metal, ten to 12 inches in diameter, and was held by its further edge with the right hand, so as to lean upon the forearm, and



was cast with a swing of the arm, aided by a twist of the whole body. The picture will give you a correct idea of the position of the player. Similar to this game, the ancients had another, "Throwing the solas," a heavy spherical mass of stone or iron, perforated through the center to admit a rope, by the aid of which it was thrown.

A BORN OPTIMIST.

Story That Was Definition and Illustration All in One.

When little Leander Bassett asked big Leander, his father, what an optimist was, Mr. Bassett regarded him thoughtfully for a moment before he spoke, says the Youth's Companion. "I hope you're going to be one," he said, slowly. "You favor your Uncle William in looks, and you've got some of his ways. 'Twould please me mightily to have you turn out like him."

"I don't know how the big dictionaries put it, but I know the general idea, sonny, and it's your Uncle William clear through and through."

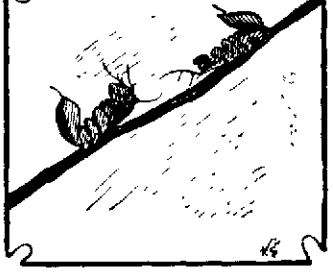
"When he had anything hard to do, he just made a kind of a window of it to see something pleasant through."

"When we had wood to saw and split, he used to call it a kind of a battle. He'd say, 'When we've disposed of this regiment,' pointing to a pile of wood father'd portioned off to us. 'I think our troops will be able to make off to the woods without further interference,' he'd say—and then we'd both back away like mad."

"When it came to hoeing corn in the hot sun and I'd get clean discouraged, he'd put his hand up to his eyes and say, 'Strikes me we're getting on pretty fast. When we've hoed these two rows and 15 more, we'll be one more than half done, and plenty of time to finish.' He'd laugh when he said it, and I'd laugh with him."

"I couldn't always see it the same way he did, but I learned one thing—you can look right at any hard, disagreeable job till you can't see anything else, even when you turn away from it, or you can look through it, no matter how thick it is, same as William did. He was what I call an optimist."

DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY.



This picture is taken from a wonderful photograph showing how caterpillars fight. These two creatures have met on a twig and neither will give the other the right of way. Both want it, and the result will be a fight to the death. The picture shows the caterpillars sparring for an opening, just as two human fighters approach each other in the ring.

Across Lots.

"What do people mean when they talk about tackling?" asked Hobby, who had listened to a detailed account of his sister's first experience in a salubrious with interest, but in much confusion of mind.

"Oh, you'll know when you're a Hit-or-miss," said the sister; but the small round face wore an expression of injury, and she had to explain further.

"Why, it's just turning half-way round," she said, with slight hesitation, "and then—and then you sail on the bias."—Youth's Companion.

CAPTAIN OF THE APHRODITE

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

(Copyright, by Joseph H. Bowles.)

It was a black day in the life of Jerry Richardson when the Aphrodite swung into Allerdale harbor, and James Rotheryke met him on the poop with the information that the brig had made her last trip.

"Ye dinna mean it, Master Rotheryke?" he asked, his sea-tanned face paling as he spoke.

"But I do mean it," the shipowner firmly replied. "The ship's old, Jerry. She wasn't new when my father bought her; and on top of the 40 years' work she did for him, there's been ten for me, and I can't face another winter with her. I'll sell my ships with clean hands, or I'll not sell them at all, and that's why I've made up my mind to have done with the Aphrodite. Why, Jerry, old man, if anything happened to you and these fine lads of yours, I'd never dare to look an honest man in the face again!"

Jerry turned away, and gazed down upon the ebbing waters. He knew that further speech was useless. By and by he wheeled round and, facing his employer, observed:

"I've no naught to say! Mebbe yer right. But, Master Rotheryke, ye dinna ken what this old brig is to me. I come aboard her as a lad, and she's the only ship I've ever had. An' now I've got to see her torn rib from rib! It's a heartbreak, sir, but I'll say no naught about it!"

"Jerry," and Rotheryke laid his hand affectionately on the skipper's



Watched the Working of the Last Scene.

shoulder, "this is just what I was afraid of, but I can't help it. I can't do wrong, even to spare you! And then you mustn't think that I'm going to part with the best captain I've got. Of course, you can have another ship. What'd ye say to that now one on the slips?"

"Thank ye, sir: it's very kind of ye, but I dinna want another! Ships are very much like folk, an' I'm too old to git used to a fresh un!"

"Then you must just come ashore and lay by, and I'll fix up a bit of a pension for you."

"Divil take yer pension!" Jerry roared in a sudden accession of wrath. "If ye want to pension anything let it be the old brig. She's worked as hard for ye as I have, and she's been every bit as faithful. She's pounded through the seas of 50 winters for ye, and you've no right to throw her over now!"

"Well, Jerry," Rotheryke impulsively exclaimed, "You'll not take another ship, instead of selling the old Aphrodite, I'll put her on the retired list. We'll just lay her up at the top of the harbor yonder till she tumbles to pieces; and I'll tell you what, Jerry, we'll keep the log aboard, and you shall be entered as captain as long as either you or me's alive."

From beneath his shaggy eyebrows Jerry shot a questioning glance, then gripped his master's hand in a viselike clasp and, without a word, vanished down the companion.

In this way, then, the Aphrodite became one of the institutions of the port. As soon as her cargo had been landed, a few tons of ballast were dropped into the hold, and she was warped to the head of the harbor and moored over an easy mud-bank. From that day, year in, year out, storm or shine, the ship was Jerry's constant care.

Thus the years slipped away, and upon Jerry's head each of them laid a whitening hair until his locks were as the sea horses that race before the western wind.

Then came a day when the master mariner walked the deck of his dilapidated ship alone when, with all that he had planned for Jerry's consolation left undone, James Rotheryke had been gathered to his fathers, and the Aphrodite was in the market.

After its first gasp of astonishment, Allerdale broke into laughter. Captain Jerry had bought the Aphrodite!

With the purchase, Jerry regarded his anxiety on the ship's account as completely vanquished; but the second winter of his ownership laid a new burden upon his shoulders.

It was a hard winter, and ere the last snow had melted Jerry's back had

taken a sharper bend, and his gait a more definite halt. There were days and days, too, when the Aphrodite had to be left entirely to herself, and it was this fact that aroused the new fear in the mariner's breast. What, he was constantly asking, would become of his old if he himself should be taken? What could he do?

With the opening days of the following November Jerry occasioned a mild surprise by having the Aphrodite placed upon the gridiron, and her hull caulked below the waterline, and well pitched all over. To have attempted any more drastic treatment of her upper seams would probably have produced disaster; they had been too much scorched and drawn by the sun to stand anything beyond a little tinkering.

From the grid the Aphrodite went back to her old lay-by and was once more securely moored with her nose pointing towards the surging waters of the Firth; and Jerry whiled his idle hours away in whistling for a breeze from the land—something with just a touch of east in it.

It was a long time in coming, but with the advent of December the wind suddenly swept round and the master mariner laid a little note upon his sitting room table, so that, should his venture cost him his life, there should be no mystery about his end, no taint left clinging to his name, and went aboard the brig.

This was early in the afternoon, and it was not until long past midnight, when the tide had turned and all suggestion of life had vanished from the quays, that he stealthily climbed the foremost shrouds. Then the cables were slipped, and as the Aphrodite, at liberty once more, bobbed and curtsied to the breeze, he sprang to the tiller and jammed it hard down, finding, to his delight, that the vessel answered her helm as readily as in her days of active service.

Once more he was upon the sea, the sea that he loved as a good man loves his home, the sea that might even yet be his winding-sheet; and though his ship was no better than a derelict, and he stood alone upon her deck, his back stiffened out, his chest expanded, the old fire flashed in his eyes, and he was no longer old Jerry, the cast-off skipper, but Captain Jerry, master mariner.

More than once during the next day he decided that the moment for his final stroke had arrived, but the spirit of the sea was calling him, the witchery of the waters held him in thrall, and he tightened his grip upon the tiller and kept his ship steadily on his course.

"Just for a laal bit longer," he muttered; "a laal bit longer; it's for the last time!"

Soon after the sun had dipped beneath the horizon, the wind began to come in sharp, snarling puffs, into the voice of the sea there entered a new and angrier note, and the ship rose and fell with quicker stride. Then Jerry's hesitation vanished, and after an anxious glance to windward he disappeared down the cuddy.

For long the Aphrodite bored her way through the hissing waters, with no hand to guide her, no eye to see for her; and when Jerry returned to her deck, night had spread her pall over sea and land. Jerry's face was very white now, his features more tightly drawn; in one hand he grasped a gleaming tool, and away deep beneath the vessel's waterline there were two gaping wounds, through which the sea steadily spouted.

"Thank God it's over!" he muttered, wiping the clammy moisture from his brow. "It's been like murder! Now I'll stay as long as I dare, an' then be off!"

Inch by inch the water rose in the Aphrodite's hold, inch by inch mounted her hull, and with strident cry the wind tore through her cordage, and far astern and in front, away to port and to starboard, the myriad voices of the sea mingled in their everlasting anthem.

Lower and still lower, until her decks were almost awash, and then Jerry roused himself to action. Releasing the tiller, he seized the tow-line looped over the stern, pulled his dinky under the counter, and with a choking cry of "Good-bye, old ship, good-bye!" he cast himself over the side and pushed off. A cable's length, and then he drew his oars across the thwart and with throbbing heart and burning eyes watched the working of the last scene. He had not long to wait.

Suddenly the light dipped and rose, and dipped again; the masts quivered convulsively; then a maddened whirl of waters, and both light and spars plunged from sight.

Stolidly, dumbly the spell of a fearful fascination gripping him, Jerry stepped his tiny mast and hoisted his sail, and, like some frightened thing, the frail craft darted from the spot. But even now the storm winds had broken from their leash and were in hot pursuit, and fast though the little boat fled through the night they trailed faster still, and ere the dawning they had swept through the cleft, where the currents ever clash in watery warfare, and pounced upon their prey.

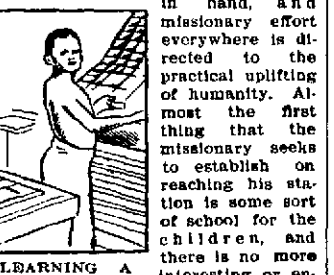
Ere daybreak the storm winds had winged their way to their secret lair, and when the sun shot up in lurid magnificence from the back of the Lizard crags, and threw an inquiring glance upon the waiting world, there was little of tragedy in the things upon which he looked. Only a fringe of splendiferous white along the line of the rock-strewn coast; only a restless heaving of the sea, only a mastless bark on Seaton Point, and a hulk on Sillioth Sands; only a little boat, with keel that pointed to the sky.

THE CHURCH AT WORK

TEACH THEM TRADES.

Native African Boys Given Practical Instruction by Missionary.

The Gospel and educational and industrial advancement go hand in hand, and missionary effort everywhere is directed to the practical uplifting of humanity. Almost the first thing that the missionary seeks to establish on reaching his station is some sort of school for the children, and there is no more interesting or encouraging feature of missionary work than that which is done among the boys and girls. Rev. Herbert C. Whitney, in charge of the Methodist Episcopal mission station in the Angola highlands, Portuguese West Africa, writes of this branch of his work to the Christian Herald as follows:



LEARNING A TRADE.

"Our work has developed an industrial school of boys, bound of their own free will to the mission by written contract for a term of years, to work for just their food and clothes, go to school and learn a trade, and later be furnished with such tools as they should need to follow the trade they had learned. Work of this kind commands a respect from the natives that teaching and preaching alone would not do; and the confidence that is shown when boys or their parents come, as they now do, and beg for entry into such a department, has been won only after a long period of suspicion, aloofness, and even reproach."

Full-Page Missionary Advertisement.

A very extraordinary measure for the stimulation of missionary interest locally has been undertaken by a small group of Christian men at Danville, Ill., who have organized themselves into a committee which hides their personal identity under the title "Friends of Missions." This committee purchased a full page of advertising space in the Danville Daily Democrat, wherein they printed in large type the whole of Dr. Samuel E. Capen's "Twentieth Century Call to Men," in which the character of the lately organized laymen's missionary movement is carefully described. A strong letter from the committee, printed in the same issue, further enforced the call. Not content with this publicity, the committee mailed marked copies of the paper to a specially selected list of well-to-do church members in both town and country through all the surrounding region. And to this they added a series of excellently worded and keen-pointed "follow-up" letters. As a piece of aggressive missionary campaigning this endeavor is worthy not only commendation but emulation.

Harmonious Consolidation Effected.

The consolidation of the two branches of the Young Women's Christian association so long separated in this country has been at length perfected, and ideally harmonious relations are established. Miss Grace H. Dodge, who at the request of both negotiating committees presided as impartial arbitrator during the period of working out the plans for union, has now been elected permanent president of the executive committee of the united associations. The committee has its headquarters at New York, occupying a suite at the Montclair, home of Dr. White's Bible Teachers' Training school. There are 20 members of the committee resident in New York—ten in other cities. The organ of the movement will be a tasteful and sprightly magazine whose first number has just appeared—The Association Monthly.

Pithy Sayings of Woman Preacher.

Some pithy sayings of Mrs. Sophie, a woman evangelist, now laboring among the miners of Wilkesbarre, Pa., have reached us. Here are a few: "The Lord don't cast your sins behind your back one day, and the next day cast them up to the front of your face, like some human beings." "The serpent is pretty wise. He fooled old Eve, and there are lots of Eves and Adams in the world since." "When I was converted I knew I was there; that's the most important part." "Religion is a thing of the head, and salvation's a thing of the heart."

Rev. Dr. J. Q. A. Henry Back.

After more than five years of temperance and evangelistic work in Great Britain, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry has returned to this country to do evangelistic service. He is accompanied by his sister, Mr. J. R. Hemminger. During Dr. Henry's stay in Great Britain he has conducted 150 missions in practically all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom, has addressed more than 3,000,000 people, and taken 135,000 total abstinence pledges. Nearly 30,000 people made an open confession of faith in Christ as Saviour.

Go Slow Young Men.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, advises students against deciding upon a vocation too soon. According to Dr. Butler, a man should not go to college with any settled convictions as to what he is to do. Dr. Butler holds that college is the place to make such a decision. The opportunities there are so many and varied that, according to the president, every man ought to find something to suit him. He implies that by the end of his senior year a man ought to have acquired enough knowledge to enable him to determine his right vocation.

GATEWAY OF ANCIENT CHINA.

Old Mud Fort With Heaps of Small Stones for Use of Defenders.

Chia-yu-Kuan has for centuries been the spot where merchants, as well as embassies from the West, have been forced to await the permission of the mighty emperors of Cathay before entering China. As such, and from its remote situation—remote, that is, so far as Europeans are concerned—this frontier post has long enjoyed a halo of romance in Chinese eyes. In reality it is a mud brick fort, far inferior to such places as are to be seen at Lahore and other Indian cantonments long ago given up, except as mere quarters.

The walls at Chia-yu-Kuan enclose an area some 120 to 150 yards square. On the north and south sides there are double the outer, being 20 feet high and four to six feet thick. East and west there are double gates of solid aspect, and the inner wall is 35 to 40 feet high all around. From outside the fort has, to the Oriental eye, an imposing appearance, which the inside does its best to atone for. Here is to be seen a collection of dirty mud hovels, with one official residence of the poorest kind. Along the wall runs a narrow parapet, some four feet from the summit, but, owing to its height, unapproachable from below, except in two or three places.

From the point of view of modern defense the whole position is pitiable. Guns there are none, the garrison consists of a half score withered old men of the usual Chinese type and these are the proud possessors of wooden flaggals. Having said so much it might seem that the worst has been told, but this is not so. With an intention to hurt the feelings of the trusty garrison to whose charge is committed the most advanced outpost their mighty empire possesses it must be added that piles of small stones are heaped at intervals along the parapet wall. With these it may be presumed that the defenders will be called upon some day to meet a foe advancing from the northwest.

The G. P.'s.

A physician's wife was complaining of the annoyances she suffers in the interests of her young husband's practice.

"When I married the doctor," she said, "his abbreviation of g. p. amused me, but in two cases at least I soon found that it meant more than a grateful patient. One woman whom he asked me to be nice to because she was a g. p. has borrowed my clothes more or less for four years; the other has a little girl born just a day later than our Marjorie, and she uses the coincidence as a reason for borrowing all poor Marjorie's things. I've been asked to lend the child's clothes, her playthings, her perambulator, and even the services of the nurse. Now both these women are popular in different little cliques and have brought the doctor a patient or two. So if I were to speak my mind out it would mean perhaps a loss. They know they have me at their mercy, so until our practice is very much larger I must grin and bear it. My only consolation is in saying that g. p. means, in their case, graft patient."

Spitzbergen.

For the first time I learned, from an eyewitness, something about Spitzbergen, that desert Arctic island, 500 miles north of the North Cape of Norway and within 700 miles of the north pole; a frost-desolated land, where the grass grows longer than the trees, and huge glaciers in the ice-bridged valleys move majestically down into the sea, until mighty icebergs, a monstrous birth, break off and rise to the surface amid thunderous roar;—once the only sound that breaks the profound silence of those awful solitudes.

Spitzbergen is the only spot of earth that is positively known as No Man's Land; it is the possession of no country, and has nothing even resembling a specified government. The island seems likely to remain No Man's Land, though it is said that an effort has been made by Norway to establish some sort of protectorate over it—National Magazine.

An Urban Cinderella.

The teacher had been reading a story of Cinderella to her class of youngsters and was now going over the story again with them to fix it in their minds. Among other questions which she asked them was why it was necessary for Cinderella to leave every night early enough to be home by 12 o'clock.

From various members of the class she elicited most of the reasons which are implied in the story until finally, all remained silent.

"Isn't there any other reason?" she asked. "Can't any of you think of another?"

Up shot Larry's soiled chubby paw, in frantic eagerness to indicate his knowledge.

"That's good, Larry. What is the reason?"

"She had to ketch the last car," piped Larry.—Montreal Herald.